State Library
1 July 06

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906. NO. 12

O'TOOLE GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF ROY BARBOR

Jury Returned a Verdict of Murder in the First Degree Yesterday.

WERE OUT AN HOUR AND A HALF

The Prosecution Had Very Strong Case Against the Accused—Plea of Insanity Advanced by Defense.

Yesterday noon a telephone message from New Castle announced that after deliberating about one hour and thirty minutes the jury in the case of Thos. O'Toole charged with the murder of Roy Barbor returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

The case has occupied the attention of the court since March 12. The prosecution built up a very strong case against O'Toole. Link by link the evidence was presented to the jury under the skillful direction of Attorneys Cunningham and Wallace.

No other defense was possible than the plea of insanity and considering the scarcity of evidence upon which they could base such a claim O'Toole's attorneys, Wintermitz and Barron, certainly conducted a great fight for his life.

The following synopsis of the trial proceedings is gleaned from the daily accounts in the New Castle News:

The entire panel of 42 jurors was exhausted in the effort to secure a jury in the O'Toole murder trial and on Tuesday Judge Porter forthwith ordered a special venire of 120 talesmen issued, returnable forthwith. The News says:

"O'Toole manifested much more interest in the proceedings Tuesday than on Monday and watched closely each juror as called. To look at him one would conclude that he was the least interested spectator in the court room. Behind this apparent front of indifference can be noticed a nervousness which shows itself from time to time. O'Toole is fully awake to the awfulness of his position."

The attorneys for the defense made every possible effort to have the case continued until the June term of court, but without success. Their final play was a motion to quash the special venire on the grounds that the return of the sheriff was improperly made. This difficulty being finally settled the work of drawing the jury was continued.

THE PROSECUTION.

Friday morning, a jury having been secured, the prosecution opened its case by District Attorney Cunningham's address to the jury which occupied 20 minutes. Geo B. Zahniser, civil engineer, was the first witness called. He had drawn a plot of the Tripp house where the murder occurred. The plot was submitted to the jury and a detailed description given by the witness.

The chief witness for the commonwealth, Mrs. Rose Tripp, was the next witness called. It was in her house that Roy Barbor roomed and where he met his terrible death. Under examination of Attorney Wallace she told her story.

She testified that on the night of the murder that, aside from herself, her husband; two daughters, Gertrude and Frances; Roy Barbor and another roomer, Mr. Millirton, were in the house. She was awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning by the ringing of the door bell; upon answering found a man there who asked if Roy Barbor was in. After being informed that he was in, the man said he would go to his room. She refused to agree to that proposal and said she would call Barbor; asked the man's name, and after hesitating, he replied, "Pete Smith." Mrs. Tripp said she called Barbor, but was not allowed to testify as to what conversation passed between them. She returned to tell the man to come to Barbor's room and found him half way up the stairs. He went to Barbor's room. She heard Roy say "Tom O'Toole what are you doing here," and went to her husband's room and told him O'Toole was in the house. She heard Barbor and O'Toole arguing about a trunk. Mr. Barbor said he would pay for it, there seemed to be a dispute over the ownership of it. The next she heard was a shot. She looked toward Barbor's room and saw him lying on the floor. O'Toole then went to his side and leaning over him, fired three more shots into his back before she could realize what had happened. She then ran down stairs and out the front door crying murder. Just as she was going out the door she heard a fifth shot. Mrs. Tripp was asked if the man who visited Roy Barbor was in the court room. "Yes," she replied. "Where?" asked Mr. Wallace. "Right there," and Mrs. Tripp pointed to O'Toole. The prisoner looked towards her with a scowl. Mrs. Tripp identified an umbrella left at her house by the man who shot Roy Barbor.

Mrs. Tripp was subjected to a rigid cross examination, but not once contradicted herself, nor former testimony given at the hearing.

Gertrude, a 13-year old daughter of Mrs. Tripp, was next called and her evidence supported her mother's story in every detail. She saw the man on the night of the crime, but was not asked to identify him. She said that after she heard the first shot she crawled out of her bed room window and stayed on the top of a porch until after a fifth shot was fired. The child has but recently recovered from an attack of St. Vitus dance, but she passed through the trying ordeal bravely, although she became very nervous at times. The News said:

"Continuing Attorney Wintermitz subjected the little witness to a merciless cross examination, lasting nearly two hours. By harsh, unmanly, cruel suggested questions he attempted to break down the direct testimony of the child. In this he failed utterly failed. Not once did she contradict herself in any material point."

Irwin Milliron, John Milliron, M. J. Tripp and Frances Tripp, all inmates of the house at the time of the shooting, were called and examined. Their testimony seemed to corroborate the foregoing statements in every detail.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Long, who lived near the Tripp home, testified to being awakened by shots, and upon looking out of the window saw Mrs. Tripp run across the street and saw a man run out of the house.

Slowly but surely the commonwealth weaved about the accused a chain of evidence that to the casual observer seems almost unimpeachable. Witnesses were produced and every movement of O'Toole on the night of Dec. 12, 1905, from the time he left the Union depot at Pittsburg until he arrived within two squares of the Tripp home.

George Kite in his testimony told of meeting O'Toole at Pittsburg and riding with him on the train from that city to New Castle. He exhibited a revolver and said it was for the police in New Castle, then laughed and said it was a joke. The witness accompanied O'Toole to a restaurant and was with him until about 1:40 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 13. He said O'Toole had been drinking but was not drunk. This testimony was strengthened by John Quehl, manager of the restaurant.

Late Saturday afternoon the most sensational testimony of entire trial came out when Howard Davis, known as "Jumbo," took the stand for the commonwealth. Davis is the man who delivered O'Toole into the hands of the police and will receive $500. Davis met the accused at Indiana Harbor a few days after the shooting. Later Davis received a letter from New Castle containing clippings of the story of the murder. He showed them to O'Toole. "Is he dead then," was the only comment O'Toole made. Later O'Toole told Davis that he had "burned him," meaning Barbor. "Barber was always good to me," remarked O'Toole at another time. "Then why did you kill him?" asked Davis. "Because he would not tell me where the child was," answered O'Toole. It was subsequently that Davis arranged with O'Toole to carry his note book back to New Castle and instead of delivering it to O'Toole's father he turned it over to the police. This was the first time Davis' story had been publicly told.

When the blood stained garments which were taken from the lifeless form of Roy Barbor were placed in evidence O'Toole's face flushed, he grew nervous and directed his gaze in another part of the room. James Barbor, father of the murdered man, placed his arm over his eyes and dropped his head when the blood stained shirt was exhibited. After several other witnesses were heard and Barbor's wounds described by a physician, the prosecution rested. It was testified that any one of four of the five wounds was sufficient to cause instant death.

THE DEFENSE.

The defense opened their side of the case on Saturday afternoon. Attorney B. A. Wintermitz made a powerful opening address to the jury in which he outlined the plea which the defense. He said that it will be proven that O'Toole was a cocaine slave, rendering him absolutely incapable of forming design to take human life.

A number of O'Toole's relatives were placed on the stand and they testified that he had been acting queerly and taking some drug for the past six months. Everything possible was brought out to strengthen the insanity plea.

Michael O'Toole, a brother of the accused, said Tom asked him for money to pay his way to Smethport in search of his wife and child. Tom afterward said he had been to Smethport but could not find them. The witness said this happened last November.

Dr. T. M. McKeenan of St. Francis hospital, Pittsburg, was called as an expert witness. He stated that judging from the appearance of O'Toole in court he had "had something" (meaning dope) Monday. Attorney Marzon questioned the witness relative to the effects, and other matters connected with the use of cocaine of vital importance to the defense in their attempt to establish O'Toole's insanity. The witness was of the opinion that O'Toole's queer as testified to by various witnesses the result of the use of cocaine. He said that in his opinion O'Toole was responsible for the killing of Barbor the drug had robbed him of all reasoning power.

Various other witnesses were who testified that O'Toole had "queer" and "nutty" for a number months.

Another expert witness, Dr. Wylie of Pittsburg, at one time connected with the Dixmont asylum for the same, testified that he thought O'T acting were "impelled by some delusion."

It was upon the evidence of the expert witnesses that the defense its great hope of success.

The News in speaking of O'To appearance during the giving of the pert testimony Tuesday says:

"The prisoner was sitting with head bowed, his eyes closed and wi very idiotic or possibly a very good tation of an insane expression upon face, an expression not seen upon at any time since the trial began."

The Coryville Robbery.

Before Justice B L. Knapp last day new features were developed in Coryville Italian robbery case, an count of which was published in MINER of last week. The robber leged to have been captured was fo to be another wood cutter, who was fortunate enough to stray upon scene of the robbery in a critical ment, or at least that is his explanat of the matter.

He was captured and closely watc until brought in Smethport, where the hearing, no evidence could be duced to connect him with the robb and he was therefore discharged.

It also developed that the man lost a portion of his ear was not a her but another victim, who had b held up, and because he had no mo one of the bandits playfully took a at him which clipped a piece out of ear.

Thursday night an Italian, suspe to be one of the outlaws, was wait to take the flyer near the Pennsylv station at Olean when some boys c menced to throw snow balls at him. Italian became enraged and in the ensuing fracas fired two shots from a revolver. He was taken in charge by a hension and furnished $25 cash bail his appearance the next morning. did not appear. Constable Jones informed the MINER that the man had in his possession a $50 bill and other bills of identical denominations of those taken from one of the wood cutters at Coryville, who was robbed of $130.

The Italians in that section of the county are indignant over the robbery and are making every effort to trace the guilty parties.

Hagmund-Daniels.

Miss Josephine Hagmund and Mr. Walter Daniels of this place were united in marriage at Allegany, N. Y., on Saturday, March 17, 1906, Rev. Charles E. Hoyt performing the ceremony.

The happy young couple returned home on the evening train amid showers of rice, etc., from their friends and spent Sunday at the home of the bride's parents in Clermont. Mrs. Daniels will remain at her parents' home for the present. Mr. Daniels will continue his work in the Smethport Window Glass factory.

The bride is a charming young lady who has made many friends in Smethport during the time she has been employed here. The groom is a popular young glassworker and a clever ball player who also has made many friends during his residence in our midst.

Their many friends will unite with the MINER in wishing them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were passed by Smethport Circle No. 25, P. H. C., on the death of our brother, Victor H. Brandt:

Whereas, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved Brother Victor H. Brandt, and transferred him to the Great Circle above, therefore be it

Resolved, That we fully realize the loss the family and Circle has sustained through the death of this brother, and the Circle hereby extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and that our Charter be draped for a period of thirty days,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to our bereaved sister, Mrs. Mary Brandt, spread upon our minutes and published in the McKEAN MINER and Democrat.

Leslie T. Colegrove,
George Denning,
Wilber Acre,
Com.

For Sale.

"Spring Hill Farm Jerseys" bull calves for sale from 6 to 18 months old. For pedigree and price inquire of E. G. Dusenbury, Portville, N. Y.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Memorial to Miss Susan B. Anthony.

By request of the president, Mrs. Forsythe, the following memorial was presented by Mrs. Thos. A. Morrison at the meeting of the Traveler's Club, March 17, 1906. Mrs. H. L. McCoy moved that the same be given the borough papers for publication, which was carried:

As women, as citizens of this great Commonwealth, we are to-day called upon to note, to mourn, the passing to the great haven of us all" of an earnest, noble woman. Born of Quaker ancestry in South Adams, Mass., she acquired a liberal education, as all New Englanders do, and when thirty years of age, in 1850, she came to the State of New York and taught school for 15 years. Two years later she organized the New York State Temperance Society. She was an active agitator of the anti-slavery question, being a coworker with William Lloyd Garrison, who in "the name of God who made us of one blood, in the name of the Messiah who came to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives," demanded the emancipation of the negro in the United States, "male and female, old and young, sick and infirm, not with conditions, but unconditionally."

In 1871, being denied the privilege of speaking at a temperance meeting, in which cause she had labored long and whole heartedly, she determined to devote her whole life to the liberty of women, to the betterment of their civil and political rights.

In connection with Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mrs. Matilda J. Gage she was the author of "The History of Woman Suffrage," which appeared in 1881, and adorns the favorite book shelf of many thoughtful women, whether believers in or advocates of, the movement is emphasized. No journey was too fatiguing, no labor too arduous for her to undertake in the cause she loved and believed in; she was present at the organization of the Suffragist Society at Bradford and gave to it her enthusiasm, her earnestness and determination; she had ceased to beg for equal rights, she said, but demanded the recognition of woman's civil and political rights. She had accomplished much for through her efforts were opened the doors of colleges for the equal education of women with her brothers, and the eminent right to pursue any vocation or business for which she might prepare herself. But the day of universal suffrage has not yet appeared. But of Miss Anthony it can well be said: While 'tis not in mortals to command success, she did more, she deserved it." Her last illness was not protracted, and still the strenuous need of her efforts in Kansas haunted her lapses of consciousness, and when her race was run and death came to call her home, great sorrow fell over her adopted city. Men, women and children gazed on the shaded windows where she lay and with an air of bereavement passed to mingle with the activities of life. And when the last sad rites were being performed in the Central Presbyterian church at Rochester the pavement outside was thronged with those who loved and respected the aged woman whose life, to them, was a type of the good and great. The reading of the 90th Psalm was concluded with the words of St. Paul as he awaited his journey along the Appian Way to a martyr's death: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The echo of the voice of the poet as the words of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is rendered seems audible to us here, and we listen to the words:

"For though from out our borne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The addresses of friends and pastors were all to one end,—the love and honor they bore to Susan Brownell Anthony.

With infinite pathos and peculiar appropriateness was the congregational singing of Whittier's hymn:

"All things are thine, no gift have we
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day
Thine own before thy feet we lay.
Thy will was in the builders thought,
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought,
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran."

And thus was laid to rest one whose life was one long activity and who at last will hold the key that unlocks the mysteries of life that so perplexed her. May she rest in peace.

For Sale.

A good team of work horses, wagons, sleds, harnesses and all that goes with a first class teaming outfit. Will sell in part or all together. Inquire of

JOHN EBERSPACHER,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice.

Nice upland pasture, pure spring water. Inquire of Eugene Glavin, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Don't fail to see the new weaves in Jamestown goods. Lindholms.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire of Mrs. Robt. Hamilton.

A perfect fit,—"Royal Worcester Corsets," at Lindholms.

Bradford Man Committed Suicide.

Claude A. Mitchell, aged 50 years, assistant cashier of the Bradford National Bank, committed suicide by shooting himself through the temple at Pittsburg last evening.

This morning's Era says: The news of Claude A. Mitchell's death reached this city early yesterday evening and it was received with the utmost surprise and regret by his friends here. The information was that the man, who was visiting at the home of his friend, Eugene P. Whitcomb, was about to partake of supper last evening, with Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb and David Mitchell. Just before supper he excused himself from the company and went to a bath room in the house. There he shot himself, as stated in the foregoing dispatch. His death was almost instantaneous.

Mr. Mitchell on Sunday last went to Pittsburg to consult a specialist about his health. For a long time he had suffered from a severe pain in the head. Remedies of various kinds were tried by him without relief. Finally he concluded to go elsewhere and secure relief if possible. It was his intention to go to Hot Springs, Ark., after he had seen a Pittsburg physician. It is evident that the pain in his head became so intense that temporary insanity developed, resulting in the tragic end to his life.

Claude Mitchell was one of the best known men in Bradford. He came here from Titusville in the early oil days and was identified with the old Whitney & Wheeler bank for a time. After that institution had discontinued its business he accepted a position in the Bradford National bank. He was an efficient accountant and a man of trustworthy qualities. He performed his duties at the bank in a most satisfactory manner. About 11 years ago his wife died. For some time he has lived in bachelor apartments on Main street in the Davis block. He was a reserved, quiet man and had but few confidants, but those who enjoyed his personal friendship regarded him with highest respect as an honorable, upright gentleman.

Claude Mitchell was a man of very frugal habits and he saved from his salary during the 25 years of service in the two banks named a considerable sum. He is survived by his son, an attorney of Pittsburg, mentioned above.

Death of Mrs. Laura A. Taylor.

Died, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. D. Colegrove of Smethport, March 19, 1906, Mrs. Laura A. Burlingame Carter, in the eighty-fifth year of her life.

The death of this estimable woman closes a long life of kindness and generosity to all and of spiritual beauty. She was a woman who won the lasting regard of all with whom she came in contact and her death leaves a wave of sadness constantly increasing, like the ripples upon the disturbed surface of a placid pond.

Laura A. Burlingame was born in Norwich township, Nov. 13, 1821. She was a daughter of Isaac and Sophronia Burlingame. At the early age of 14 years she united with the Methodist Episcopal church and was a devout member of that church until the day of her death. On May, 1847, she was married to Russell Carter. Five children were born to them, four of whom survive their mother and father and were present during her final illness. They are Mrs. B. D. Colegrove of Smethport, Mrs Alta D. Clark of Burlington Flats, N. Y., Beverly R. Carter of Binghamton, N. Y., and Frank D. Carter of Roulette. She also leaves a brother, Delos Burlingame of Altoona.

The remains were taken to Colegrove Tuesday, where the funeral was held at 2 p. m. in the church at that place, Rev. W. A. Harris of the Smethport M. E. church officiating. Burial was in the Colegrove cemetery.

The following memorial lines were sent to the MINER for publication:

Our Dear Mother has gone and left us,
We will not mourn her loss;
We know that while she was with us
She always bore the cross
Of Jesus, her dear Saviour;
She followed in His way,
And now that he has called her
We cannot bid her stay.

A Lover's Hard Luck.

The course of true love never did run smooth. Jim Capozzi is an Italian shoemaker who dwelt in Olean, N. Y. He is not of the "Sunny Jim" variety and he has reasons for being very forlorn. He loved a brunette young lass from the land of sunsets and she was very dear to him. But she spurned him. Then he obtained a revolver and shot himself for the purpose of ending his sorrows. His shot was not fatal and he was arrested for attempting self-murder and is now in the Little Valley jail.—Bradford Era

Farm for Sale

In McKean County, Pa., over 100 acres with barn, about 70 acres cleared, at Lafayette Corners, 12 miles from Bradford. Inquire at this office.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

"A Dutchess Skirt," the proper style. Where? At Lindholm's.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS CONVENE.

Third Annual Meeting Held in Court House last Thursday and Friday.

The third annual convention of the McKean county school directors was called to order shortly after one-thirty by President W. H. Bunce of Kane. Mr. Bunce, in a few well chosen words, called attention to the importance of the meeting and of the work of school directors, stating that the army of school children in this country, numbering 16,000,000, is the largest and most important army in all the world.

The convention was next favored with a male quartet composed of Dr. H. L. McCoy, C. H. McCoy, H. R. Henderson and G. B. Mayo, which rendered a selection in a most pleasing manner, and received the hearty applause of the audience. The selection was followed by prayer by Rev. W. A. Harris.

A roll call of the directors of the county showed an attendance of sixty out of one hundred twenty-six, with every district represented except Bradford township and Eldred Borough. Annin township was the only district having a full board of six directors present, but several others had five.

The president named the following committee on resolutions: Dr. John Clark, Smethport; Geo. A. Turner, Kane; H. R. Hilton, Port Allegany; C. E. McCoy, Mt. Jewett; Jas. Taylor, Turtle Point.

Mr. W. F. Speicht of the Smethport Board briefly welcomed the visitors in a neat little speech which left no doubt as to the kindly feeling and interest taken in the gathering by our local directors and townspeople. This address was responded to by H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany, who made one of his characteristic speeches, filled with thought and presented in a most pleasing manner. Mr. Hilton quoted from the Bible, "That which you sow shall you also reap," and remarked that he feared we sometimes had a better idea in school matters of what we wished to reap than we had of how to get it. He referred to the responsibility resting upon school directors and teachers in dealing with the children of the vast number of immigrants who are yearly coming to our shores. Not only have we a moral responsibility in them, but we must save them to save ourselves. We must not hesitate to adopt new ideas. This is an age of progress, and if we go not forward, we go backward. He spoke of the grand opportunity of coming together in these conventions and discussing these vital questions of the hour.

A lively discussion was provoked by the question, "Ought District Schools to be Centralized?" Attorney Fred D. Gallup, Smethport gave a very complete and convincing talk for the affirmative. He stated that until recently he had considered the centralization of schools as impractical, but in going into the matter in preparation for the present occasion he had become thoroughly convinced that the advantages far outweighed the disadvantages.

He stated that his idea of the subject was a question of bringing the single schools together into a central graded school wherever the nature of the country was such as to make it possible to draw the children without too much time and expense. He showed conclusively that it is the only way to secure and keep good teachers for country children; the only way to have anything like close supervision such as to make our town school so much more effective; and that it would be to the advantage of the pupils in moral training, in the use of libraries and apparatus, in extended social intercourse, in the incentive of numbers, and in regularity of attendance. Mr. Gallup stated that it is not a question of dollars but of better schools, yet statistics show that in many places where it has been tried it has resulted in much better schools for less money.

In the course of his remarks he stated that in all business and professional lines we are accustomed to consult a specialist on vital questions. Accordingly, he had written to every Normal school principal and every county superintendent in the state, and had received replies from all the principals and about half the superintendents. The replies without exceptions pronounced strongly in favor of centralization.

Mr. Elisha K. Kane of the Hamlin township board was on the program to lead on the negative side, but being detained at home by severe illness, sent a most excellent paper which was read by Secretary W. H. Davis.

Mr. Kane's words seemed to come from his heart, and he certainly made a strong plea for the health and welfare of the children which he considered would be greatly menaced by having to submit to being drawn long distances to school in all kinds of weather. He said we often looked with admiration on things at a distance and despised those nearer; that there was considerable difference in theory and practice especially when it came to McKean county roads and weather. He came directly to the practical side of the question for us by

(Continued on 4th page.)

The Awakening of Peter Halsey

By Pearl Howard Campbell

Copyright, 1905, by Pearl Howard Campbell

THE mellow light of a Wisconsin September lay over Rock valley. In the orchards the apples were ripening and dropping one by one to heaps beneath the trees. The stubble lands, the low lying hills, dotted with clumps of trees, and the pastures had yet the rich greenness of the summer. But the subtle change that heralds the coming of autumn was already beginning to manifest itself in the cornfields. The summer had been backward and cold; crops that should have been abundant were almost a failure.

Peter Halsey, sitting on the top rail of the dilapidated fence between the pasture and the cornfield, viewed the straggling stalks and the poor, undeveloped ears with a disgust which he made no effort to conceal. The crop, as usual, was a failure, but scattered thickly through the field were mammoth golden pumpkins that seemed to hold all the garnered rays of many a sunny day.

For Peter, dreamer and believer in scientific farming though he was, had followed the footsteps of his shiftless ancestors and planted his corn and pumpkins together. His more practical neighbors had long ceased to do this, claiming, what was quite true, that the pumpkins interfered with the thorough cultivation of the corn and that neither did as well. However, all theories fail in a bad season, and this year Peter's crop was abundant, while his neighbors had neither corn nor pumpkins.

Peter looked at them with a satisfied smile on his face.

"My, but there's a pile of punkins out there," he mused. "Ain't they whoppers? Bet they ain't a punkin in the whole state of Wisconsin that can beat that biggest one of mine. And the pies—won't they be great, though?"

He smacked his lips in anticipation of the coming treat. Just then the Wescott children on their way to school began to sing as they passed the house:

"Peter, Peter, punkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her."

"Drat them young imps!" Peter muttered savagely. "If I could catch 'em I'd give 'em a lickin' they'd remember for one week!"

The sight of Peter sitting on the fence of the pumpkin field suggested the last couplet, and they called mockingly:

"Peter put her in a punkin shell,
Then you'll keep her very well."

Touched to the quick, he climbed wearily down from the fence and went to his work. The smile that softened his rugged features and made them almost beautiful was gone, and in its place was a look of heartrending woe, of a bitter grief that knew no resignation. In his momentary pride in his pumpkins he had forgotten the shadow that lay over his household.

The nonsensical nursery rhyme was true. Martha Halsey, who married him against the will of her parents, who prophesied that no good would ever come to a Halsey, and who had loved and believed in him for seven years, had suddenly decided to leave him and go back to her father's.

"It ain't any use, Peter," she had said. "I'm tired of working in doors and out trying to make a living, while you fool away your time on experiments. In all the seven years I've been married I ain't never had nothing new but the calico dresses I bought with the egg money. And I'm sick of it!

"I want a decent house, and I want to live like other folks, go to meeting and have the sewing society to tea. I didn't believe pa when he said you was shiftless. I thought it was because you didn't have nobody to spruce you up and help you save. And I kept on hoping that things would be different after awhile, but they ain't. Not but what you've been kind to me, for you have."

Martha wiped away a tear and went on. "You've helped in the house and done everything except make a decent living. So I'm going home, and I shan't come back until you do something to support me."

He listened silently. It was all so true he could say nothing in reply. Martha hoped he would. If he had answered her sharply and made her angry it would not be half so hard to leave him. He watched her with a look of hopeless misery on his face as he tried to grasp the fact that she really meant to go away and not come back. In all the seven years of their married life she had never been away from home longer than two weeks, and he still looked back to it as the longest, loneliest fortnight he ever spent. How he could ever manage to drag out the dreary, hopeless years that lay before him he did not know.

He was so stunned by the blow that he made no effort to dissuade her from her purpose in the days that followed. He only said:

"You will wait until after the punkins are sold, won't you, Marty?"

And she answered with a flash of the old spirit that made her again the Martha of his courting days:

"No, Peter Halsey, I shan't. I'm going as soon as I get the house cleaned up."

At the close of a long hard day's work he came home to a cheerless house. There was no fire in the kitchen stove, but a tempting supper was arranged on the table. He tried to cheat himself into thinking that she was tired and had lain down to rest, so he went through the deserted rooms, calling softly:

"Oh, Marthy, you ain't really gone, are you?"

She had taken nothing save the remnants of her wedding finery and the poor clothes she had bought with her own hard earned money. A little workbasket he had given her on their first anniversary lay on the table and beside it a curl of golden hair clipped from the head of their only child and a worn little shoe, showing yet the creases made by the baby feet that long ago found out the pathway to the homeland.

Martha had kept these treasures with sacred care; but, knowing that she could give Peter no better proof of her lasting love she had divided with him. He took them in his big rough hands and touched them with tender fingers. Then he sat down in her empty chair and sobbed aloud.

"O Lord," he whispered brokenly, "I thot it was hard enough when baby died, but now Marthy's gone it seems like I jest can't live without her."

That night and the day that followed were like a wretched nightmare to him. On the next day mind, made clear by suffering and loss of sleep, aroused from the torpor of grief and began to reassert itself. He surveyed the farm with the critical eyes of a stranger, realizing for the first time how badly everything about the place needed repairing. He noted the rickety fences, the tumbling out buildings and the general condition of the house and admitted the truth of Martha's accusations.

"I have been shiftless," he said to himself. "Days when I ought to have been at work in the fields I've fooled away on that crazy scheme or trying to hit on some scheme to make money off o' punkins."

"It's good land, too," he went on after a pause. "It ought to make a good living for us two and give Marthy all the things she wants, but this year it ain't raised nothing but punkins and experiments."

His eyes twinkled, and in spite of the gravity of the situation he laughed as he counted up all the will o' the wisps he had followed for seven years. There were the orchard, where he ruined the apple trees by grafting them with varieties which were not adapted to the climate, and the row of hardy peach trees that never even leaved out. Beyond them was the garden plot where he had tried to grow over bearing strawberries, with a tangled thicket of wineberries flourishing in one corner.

"Darn things!" Peter muttered. "I paid $10 for them bushes, and I hain't never et a berry from 'em yet. And there's them white blackberries of mine and the orange flavored rhubarb. I wish I could get shet of the pesky stuff."

Last of all were the pumpkins. All the other experiments were wretched failures, but these had amply rewarded him for the time he had spent in cultivating them. He well remembered the sultry afternoon in July that he devoted to cross fertilizing the blossoms of the two varieties. The result was the new strain, larger, sweeter and richer of flesh than either of its parents.

"I ought to make something out of these punkins," he said thoughtfully. "If I can't I'll quit fooling with experiments and tend to farming. I will anyway and show Marthy I mean business."

He watched the pumpkins with jealous care, turning them to get all the sun and guarding them so vigilantly that the neighbors began to think his trouble had turned his head. He found time to do a great deal of cleaning up about the farm. He mended the fences and burned up the unsightly piles of rubbish until the place began to look tidy and well kept. It is true that there were days when he relapsed into his old bad habits, but for the most part he worked with tireless energy, longing eagerly for the time when he should bring Martha home again.

One day in the early fall he gathered his pumpkins, selecting the most perfect ones for exhibition at the county fair. The largest one of all was a rich golden yellow and so immense that it might easily have served for Cinderella's carriage.

"Bet this Jumbo of mine will weigh close to 200 pounds," he said as he lifted it carefully on to the scales. "Must be I don't see straight," he added, "or, great Caesar, he weighs 250!"

A week later he loaded Jumbo, who proudly bore the inscription

JUMBO
KING OF PUMPKINS
WEIGHT 250
CIRCUMFERENCE 8 FEET
GROWN BY PETER HALSEY

into the wagon with several others nearly as large and drove to the fair grounds. All day throngs of admiring spectators crowded into the agricultural building to see it. Beside the mammoth pumpkin the wonders of the hairless calf and the winged horse of the side shows faded into insignificance.

Housewives tapped its yellow rind as they speculated on its flavor and wondered how many pies it would make. At night it proudly wore two ribbons, the blue of the first premium and a yellow one denoting that it had been awarded the special prize of $10 offered for the largest vegetable on exhibition.

Yet Peter was not satisfied, although he had been offered $50 for it by the environs side show man. Just before

"I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN."

the close of the fair a stranger entered the building and, passing by the displays of fruit and vegables, paused before Jumbo. He drew a tapeline from his pocket and carefully verified the measurements. Then he inspected the others of the group and tested the flavor and grain of the samples. And at last, well satisfied, he turned away.

"Are you the grower of the prize pumpkin?" he asked Peter some hours later.

"I reckon I am," Peter answered proudly. "That punkin was grown right there in the cornfield."

"I understand," of course," said the stranger, slowly, "that the pumpkins on exhibition are the largest you have. Would you mind showing me the smallest you raised?"

Peter lit the lantern and led the way to the barn where they were stored.

"May I ask how you obtained the variety?"

"By cross fertilizing the blossoms," Peter replied. "It's the only one of my experiments that's been anything of a success."

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is a success, a very decided success. Indeed, I am authorized by the Imperial Seed company to offer you $5,000 for the seeds."

The lantern swayed in Peter's trembling hands, and a mist gathered in his eyes. Even in his wildest dreams he had never hoped for any such sum as this. Five thousand dollars—why that was more than the farm was worth. He could fix up the house and have Martha home for Thanksgiving. He turned away his face that the stranger might not see his joy as he answered:

"You may have the punkins on them terms."

The news that Peter had sold his pumpkins for $5,000 spread like wildfire over the country. Those who had seen Jumbo boasted of its size and beauty and began to refer to Peter, whom they had always called Shiftless Peter, as "Halsey, the Pumpkin King." The neighbors watched the improvements he made with envious eyes and whispered that sooner or later the money would all be squandered on foolish experiments.

But it wasn't, and one glad October day Peter drove through the russet fields to Martha's old home. She was sitting on the steps of her father's home eagerly watching the passersby. When she saw Peter she sprang to her feet with a little low cry of joy and ran to meet him.

He took her in his strong arms and crushed her to him. For awhile neither cared for other speech than that of sighed hands and long, long kisses, but at last Peter said tenderly:

"I've come to take you home again, Marthy. I can't live without you nohow, but I've turned over a new leaf, and I'm going to do different than I have. Will you come and give your Shiftless Peter another chance?"

"Yes," she answered, and her face was as radiant with happiness as that of the girl he had wedded seven years before. "But, oh! I thought you would never come!"

Altered.

Mayor Dunne of Chicago is not without witty moments and harmless worries over traction matters and an incompetent police force. He recently visited a strange barber shop, where the barber, failing to recognize him, was very talkative.

"Have you ever been here before?" he asked.

"Once," said the mayor.

"Strange I don't recall your face," said the barber.

"Not at all," replied the mayor. "It altered greatly as it healed."—Judge.

James Lick's Test.

This is told of James Lick, the eccentric San Francisco millionaire, who founded the famous observatory bearing his name. When taking any one into his service he always asked the person to plant a tree upside down—the roots in the air, the branches underground. If there were any protest the man was at once sent away. Lick, saying that he wanted only men who would obey orders strictly.

The Tourists' Way.

Alpine Traveler—This is a very dangerous place, you say. And do the poor people who live on the mountain have to travel this way every day? Guide—Oh, no! They are not such fools! They go up by a much easier road. We only bring the tourists round this way.—Pearson's Weekly.

Criticism.

We cannot see the motives of the actions we condemn, we cannot know the trials and temptations of our brother's inner life; therefore how is it possible for us to criticise his actions fairly?—Home Notes.

OLD INDIAN FEUD

WAY IT WAS ENDED BY THE ACT OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Of the Long and Bitter Enmity Between Crazy Wolf and Little Scar, Incident That Paved the Way Peace.

Crazy Wolf was a warrior of the Sioux nation who held to all the savage traditions of his race. For years he had used to receive rations from the hands of the whites, and this marked him singular among all the Sioux. His bitter enemy was Little Scar, who had sworn lasting peace in his heart with the whites and who had yielded little by little to the allurements of civilized life.

The enmity of Crazy Wolf and Little Scar dated from the day of the great battle with the Pawnees.

When the remnant of the stricken tribes had turned to fly Crazy Wolf and Little Scar quarreled over the right to take a scalp, and a hand-to-hand combat ensued. The chiefs parted at last and said that neither must fight for the nation had need of all its braves.

Though the hands of Crazy Wolf and Little Scar were stayed by their chieftains, hatred still lived in their hearts.

It was ten years after the battle with the Pawnees and at the Pine Ridge agency, where a portion of the Sioux had been gathered, the government had erected a schoolhouse for the Indian children. Instantly a division occurred between the fathers of the tribe. Half of the warriors wished to send their little ones to the school. The other half declared that the teaching of the whites should never have place in the minds of their children. The children of Little Scar went to the school. The children of Crazy Wolf were kept in the wigwams.

Runners came to Pine Ridge from Rosebud Rock and the Standing Rock reservation. They told of the coming of the Messiah, that the buffalo were returning and that if the southern Sioux would but put their ears to the ground they would hear the thunder of the hoofs of the oncoming herds.

One-half of the warriors at Pine Ridge were seized with the Messiah craze. They danced the ghost dance and put on the ghost shirts. The one-half stampeded from the agency, and with it went Crazy Wolf, as savage in heart as he was when he fought the Pawnees on the frontier of Nebraska. Little Scar stayed at the agency.

One day after the battle of Wounded Knee had been fought a band of twenty Sioux braves broke away from the main body for the sole purpose of raiding Pine Ridge agency and killing the children who were gathered in the schoolhouse—the children of their brothers that had succumbed to the white man's ways. In the mind was Crazy Wolf, his heart full of the lust of kill.

The warriors came within sight of the schoolhouse. It stood on a bluff and on one side was absolutely unprotected. Crazy Wolf knew the location of the room in which the little ones gathered daily to their lessons. The painted warriors made a headlong ride down the valley skirting the ridge, and as they whirled by the school they yelled volley after volley into the room where the children of the friendly Sioux daily were assembled.

It was not the fault of Crazy Wolf that on that day there was not a massacre of the innocents. A teacher saw the feathered heads showing along the willows by White Clay creek and, taking the alarm, had hurried the children to the cellar.

The raiding band went northward. There was cavalry at the post to take up the pursuit, and the fugitives succeeded in reaching the main body of Indians, who by this time were surrounded by the troops of General Miles and were being gradually forced into the agency.

Crazy Wolf, when he saw the surrender of his brethren was coming, mounted his pony and made for the Bad Lands. He foresaw the end of the uprising and the complete subjugation of his people and he laid it at the doors of the tepees of the Sioux who had refused to join the braves on the warpath.

Crazy Wolf made up his mind to kill Little Scar. He nearly starved in the Bad Lands, and his pony was dead. A week after the surrender he started for the agency on foot. His ammunition was gone, and he had nothing but his knife. He ate willow bark and roots. Hunger took his bodily strength, but in heart purpose was unawakened.

Crazy Wolf, starving, lay on the bank of the White Clay creek. The tepee of Little Scar was only 300 yards away. Crazy Wolf was famished, but he lay there in the bushes waiting for night and vengeance. He looked down to the water's edge, and there he saw a little girl with a willow basket full of food. The little one looked up and saw the famished eyes of the warrior. She smiled at him and held out her basket. Crazy Wolf knew his strength was going fast. It might not last him till the hour of revenge. He ate the proffered food. The child was prattling childishly. Suddenly she turned and offered Crazy Wolf the model of a peace pipe. "You have eaten," she said; "now smoke."

Crazy Wolf took the pipe and blew an imaginary cloud of smoke away from his lips. The little one smiled at him again.

"Whose child are you?" asked Crazy Wolf.

"The child of the great warrior Little Scar," was the answer.

Crazy Wolf had eaten the bread of Little Scar and had smoked the pipe of peace. He had never broken a treaty of the Sioux race.

Crazy Wolf walked into the agency, and a little child was leading him.—E. B. C. in Chicago Post.

A Pity Indeed.

Snipkins (just returned from Italy)—And so, you see, I did not "see Naples and die." Miss Awfly Bored (absently)—What a pity.—Ally Sloper.

Until comparatively recent times the only harrow was a large pile of brush or tree branches, dragged across the field by a team of oxen.

GLASS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Blowers of Thebes Were Experts Many Centuries Ago.

The glassblowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day after a lapse of forty centuries of so called "progress." They are well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rossellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old, both in tint and design. In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half inch to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of Ptah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and the imitation of precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert to distinguish the genuine article from the spurious. It has been shown that, besides being experts in glassmaking and glass coloring, they used the diamond in cutting and engraving glass. In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass, with an engraved cartouche of the monarch Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

First Attempt to Weigh It Was Made by Aristotle.

If we are to believe both legend and history, the first attempt to weigh air was that made by Aristotle, the great Greek philosopher of the fifth century. He first weighed an empty goatskin bag, and then inflated it and again put it in the balances, and because he found no difference in weight under the two conditions announced to the world that air was a substance wholly without weight.

With modern laboratory apparatus most any high school scholar can demonstrate the fact that a flask of ten cubic inches capacity weighs fully three grains more when filled with air than it does after being placed under the exhaust of an air pump. The numerous experiments that have been made on the weight of air warrant the scientists in announcing that the weight of the whole terrestrial atmosphere is about equal to that of a solid copper ball sixty-two miles in diameter. The philosophers have also shown that the weight of the atmosphere must be limited to where gravity overcomes the centrifugal force. If it were of equal density throughout its height above the earth it could not extend a greater altitude than 27,818 feet, which would leave about 1,200 feet of Mount Everest sticking out above the atmosphere. It is a well known fact, however, that air loses its weight and density as we ascend from the sea level, and calculations which have been made on that basis go to show that there may be a stratum of very thin air at a height of 21,000 miles.

CONNECTS THE BRAIN.

The Organ That Enables the Hemispheres to Act In Harmony.

Near the base of every well organized human brain there is situated a curious little spongy body called the corpus callosum. This all important little organ consists of a double chain of white nerve fibers, and it is through these that the two portions (hemispheres) of the brain are enabled to act in harmony by being continually brought into anatomical and physiological relations with each other.

Several years ago a well known Philadelphia physician and surgeon, Dr. A. H. Stevens, made the announcement that, in his belief, the corpus callosum was the seat of the soul. His peculiar ideas were given quite an airing through the press at that time, but the whole theory fell pretty flat when Dr. A. F. Sawyer of San Francisco proved that a certain west coast worthy had survived twenty years after having the entire corpus callosum shot out of his thought tank and that another had lived eleven years after sustaining a similar injury. The psychologists were pretty well agreed that a man's life would terminate the moment his soul made its exit on the lead of a pistol cartridge. It was these well attested cases of men living after losing the corpus callosum that caused Dr. Stevens' "soul theory" to relapse into obscurity.

What Load Will Ice Bear?

The army rules are that two inch ice will sustain a man or properly placed infantry; four inch ice will carry a man on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six inch ice, heavy field guns, such as eight pounders; eight inch ice, a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges, and ten inch ice sustains an army or an innumerable multitude. On fifteen inch ice railroad tracks are often laid and operated for months, and ice two feet thick withstood the impact of a loaded passenger car after a sixty foot fall (or perhaps 1,500 tons), but broke under that of the locomotive and tender (or perhaps 3,000 foot tons).

Just Sneeze Right Out.

"Never suppress a sneeze," said the trained nurse to the young woman who had just performed that polite act. "It is a great strain on all the nerves and blood vessels of the head, as it throws all the action to the back of the head instead of letting it come out of the mouth safely and naturally. The unusual and hard strain on a little blood vessel that may be weak is likely to burst it and cause instant death. A loud sneeze does not sound very nice, but it is a safe thing to do every time."

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Lim Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Propr.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts, Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 8, 1905.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at our Main Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & CO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Trust to Nature.

A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny with poor circulation, because they have ill-treated their stomachs by hasty eating or too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office or factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles in many such people, in fact in every weary, thin and thin-blooded person, do their work with great difficulty. As a result fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect health every tissue, bone, nerve and muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. It is necessary to prepare the stomach for the work of taking up from the food what is necessary to make good, rich, red blood. We must go to Nature for the remedy. There were certain roots known to the Indians of this country before the advent of the whites which later came to the knowledge of the settlers and which are now growing rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. Those are found to be safe and yet certain in their cleansing and invigorating effect upon the stomach, liver and blood. These are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root. Then there is Black Cherrybark. The medicinal principles residing in these native roots when extracted with glycerine as a solvent make the most reliable and efficient stomach tonic and liver invigorator, when combined in just the right proportions, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Where there is bankrupt vitality—such as nervous exhaustion, bad nutrition and thin blood, the body acquires vigor and the nerves, blood and all the tissues feel the favorable effect of this sovereign remedy.

Although some physicians have been aware of the high medicinal value of the above mentioned plants, yet few have used pure glycerine as a solvent and usually the doctors' prescriptions called for the ingredients in varying amounts, *with alcohol*.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is a scientific preparation compounded of the glyceric extracts of the above mentioned vegetable ingredients and contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs.

THE BIG STORE.

I have the best GAS LIGHT ever shown in Smethport for 75c complete

CALL AND SEE IT.

Also full line of HARDWARE, GAS STOVES and RANGES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, CAST ALUMINUM WARE that will last a lifetime.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 22, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Orra Biever of Water street pleasantly entertained the Spongetahes last Friday evening.

—The members of the W. C. T. U. are invited to meet with Mrs. Harris at the parsonage Saturday March 24, at 3:30. Each member may bring a guest.

—While shafting for clay near Kushequa last week a vein of coal four feet in thickness was struck. The coal is of a good quality and has a covering of eighty feet.

—Prospects are good for the largest attendance in the history of the Edinboro Normal for the spring session which begins March 27th. John F. Bigler, prin.

—The supper and dance given by the Smethport Hose Company at the hose house last Friday evening was a decided success and a large number of people enjoyed the hospitality of the hose boys until a late hour.

—Craig, a little son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley of East King street was taken to Olean last Friday for medical attention. A slight operation was performed upon his throat and he is now rapidly recovering.

—Several couples of Smethport young people enjoyed a sleigh ride to Port Allegany last Thursday evening. Mine host King of the Sartwell House furnished a bountiful supper and the young people passed the evening at 500.

—Mesdames Bell and Broder, members of a prominent women's club of Bradford were guests of the Travellers club in this place Saturday. On behalf of their organization they extended an invitation to the officers of the Travellers Club to visit Bradford this week.

—James Tyrrell, who claims to hail from Scranton, got on a rampage in Bradford last Friday and kicked out a large plate glass window in the street car waiting room on Main street. James was forthwith arrested and will appear at the next term of criminal court in this place.

—Next Sunday at the Baptist church the services will be as follows: 10:45 the pastor's subject will be "Victory by Defeat;" bible school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 and evening worship at 7:30, subject, "A Pauline Mizpah." With this Rev. W. A. Day's pastorate of the Smethport Baptist church closes.

Early and Late Easters.

Easter Sunday cannot happen earlier than March 22 or later than April 25, but between these two dates it has a range of thirty-five days. At the time of the council of Nice, 325 A. D., it was agreed by the representatives present that from that time forward Easter should fall on the first Sunday after the full moon occurring on or next after March 21, or, in other words, on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox. The vernal equinox, as recognized by the great ecclesiastical council referred to, Easter has fallen on March 22 and on every date between that and April 25, but it is only after long intervals of time that it occurs on its extreme dates. In 1856 Easter fell on April 25, its latest possible date, an event which will not again occur until the spring of 1943. The last time Easter fell on its earliest date was in 1818. This will not happen again until after this century.

Failure.

"Very frequently," says a New York lawyer, "there is an element of unconscious humor in the findings of a jury. To my mind, the best I ever heard in this connection was the verdict brought in by a coroner's jury in Michigan, who were called upon to pass upon the case of the sudden death of a merchant in Lansing.

"The finding was as follows: 'We, the jury, find from the physician's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead.'" —Harper's Weekly.

The Cocoanut.

The cocoanut tree is the most useful of all plants in the tropical region. Its seed furnishes food and an intoxicating drink. The shell gives drinking cups and vessels and a hard material capable of a high polish, from which personal ornaments may be manufactured. The trunk furnishes wood for dwellings and boats. The leaves make clothing, cordage and ropes. The fibers of the bark and of the nut afford matting and carpets. The buds furnish a succulent vegetable, and from the trunk a palatable liquor is drawn by making an incision.

As Good as Married.

First Sailor—No. Bill, yer don't really know what life is till yer get spliced. Second Sailor—Why, shiver me thulmers, messmate! I've never been married, true, but I've had yeller fever and cholera, I've been frostbit, drowned, burned alive, eat by a shark, blowed up at sea and operated on for cancer. Wot more does a reasonable chap want?—London Answers.

A Pair of Coddlers.

A man with a cut-ass fit for skullcaps was the sort to do him who, in the seventeenth century himself ridiculous by the va always were nine of these keep off the cold and, further pairs of stockings. His mo ing the night was more reli still. He caused to be constr himself a bed of rocks, beneath was a furnace, so arranged he could regulate it to the of warmth he might require, and was fitted with only a very slen ing, through which the abbe to creep when he retired to rest a

Even more ludicrous was in trivance which the great Fren matician, Fourier, designed for the protection of his health caused himself in a species of in interior of which, by some mysterious means, was kept at the only nature at which he felt he could live without inconvenience. While even this clumsy affair he was rarely confined to one spot, but he had means for the freedom of his hands. Even the ills of asthma and rheumatism, one would have thought, were preferable to existence under such circumstances as this, but the mathematician, we must believe, was of a different opinion.—London Standard.

Luck Money.

"Handsel" is the first money received for the day (luck money), that is given back "for luck" by the buyer. Spitting upon it is one of the whole transaction. It is practiced today not only all England, but all over the world. We know from many classical allusions what virtue was believed by the Greeks and Romans (see Pollux, Onomast., Græc.," i., 417) to lie in spit, and there is also abundant evidence of the belief all through the ages, and now in the twentieth century it remains as strong as ever. Otto Jahn says: "I have often seen fishwives of Ellerbeck, when they got handsel from my mother, immediately spit upon it. They say that it will not fail to bring them luck done to kings." The [illegible] and Queen [illegible].

When Watches Were New.

At first the watch was [illegible] of a decent plate. It had [illegible] was, in fact, a "clock" [illegible] earliest known use of [illegible] occurs in the records of 1462, when mention is made that Edward VI. had [illegible] likewise of [illegible] sets of [illegible]. The first watches readily be supposed to have been rude examples. The first great improvement, the substitution of spring for weights, was in 1500. These early springs were not coiled, but were straight pieces of steel. They watches had only one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in the twelve hours. The dials were of silver or brass. The cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of $1,000 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

Trolling For Tarpon.

It is not easy to hook a tarpon while trolling, for his mouth is very hard, says Julian A. Dimock in Country Life in America, and much skill may doubtless here be shown. In the playing of the fish the work is about the same as in still fishing, save that more care must be used, as the hook is probably not firmly imbedded. An old fisherman told me that he liked to be sure of his fish and so preferred still fishing, but to my mind it is one of the objections to that method. Another and stronger objection is the disturbance of my feelings in thinking that I am pulling against a fish's entrails." If the line does break the chance of the victim's being able to free himself from the hooks is problematical, while in trolling it is the work of a minute after the strain is off the line until a sore mouth is the only symptom remaining.

The Greek Symposium.

The Greek symposium was literally "drinking together," but before the drinking fully began there was a banquet, more or less elaborate as the wealth and taste of the host might dictate. The guests came in their best. Even old Socrates, Plato tells us in his "Dialogue" on the subject, was not above taking a little extra pains when he was invited out. Some one met him one day in the market place, "fresh from the bath and sandaled," and as the sight of the sandals was unusual, he asked him whither he was going that he was so fine. "To a banquet at Agathon's," he replied, "and I have put on my finery because he is a fine creature. What say you to going with me, unbidden?"

Properly Boiled Meat.

To boil meat so as to retain the juices and soluble salts and yet cook it sufficiently it should be plunged into boiling water and boiled rapidly for about ten minutes. After this fast cooking the kettle must be pushed over to the back of the fire, where its contents will simmer gently. This tends to coagulate the outer rind of the meat so that the juices cannot escape. If meat is treated in this manner the inside will be found juicy and tender, but if the meat is allowed to boil it will be found hard and stringy, the goodness having all boiled out of it.

How to Tell Them Apart.

Mr. Knowall (laughing)—Can you tell me, Miss De Witte, what is the difference between a wise man and a fool? Miss De Witte—A wise man knows he is a fool and is miserable; the fool thinks he is wise and is happy.

Wonders of Baalbec.

Baalbec or Baalbek, is the name given a ruined city lying in ancient Cœle-Syria, forty-five miles northwest of Damascus. There is nothing particularly remarkable about a ruined city being found in the locality mentioned, but the size of the blocks of stone used by the ancient builders of this particular city is something that has puzzled the modern engineers since the day when Baalbec was first made the Mecca of the oriental traveler. There are immense stones on every side of the visitor to this ancient pile of ruins, but the three most remarkable blocks—said to be the largest ever used in the construction of a building—are in a wall back of the temple of Baal. These immense stones are respectively sixty-four, sixty-three and sixty-two feet in length and each is thirteen feet in thickness, but the most wonderful thing in connection with them is the fact that they are at a place in the wall twenty-five feet from the ground. How these huiceuse blocks of granite were ever raised to such a height is a question that has never yet been answered.

Silenced Him.

A Kansas City woman tells this story of her husband to demonstrate the [illegible] of the presidential mind. One morning, as the husband was sitting down to the breakfast table he glanced at the dining room clock and said: "We must be later than usual this morning." "I don't place too much confidence in that clock. It stopped at 5 o'clock this morning and I just set it going again," replied the good wife.

"Were you up at 5 o'clock?" asked the husband.

"Of course not."

"What time did you say the clock stopped?"

"At 5."

"If you weren't up at 5," replied the man, with a puzzled look, "how in thunder do you know when the clock stopped?"

"Why, dear, it stayed stopped," was the reply. The man did not say another word that morning.—Kansas City Times.

Dangers of Cocaine.

Cocaine, an alkaloid of coca leaves, was discovered in 1859, but remained in comparative obscurity until 1884. In minute doses, whether taken internally or used as a spray on mucous surfaces, its effect is wonderfully exhilarating, producing for a time the fresh and buoyant sensations of youth and perfect health, that have apparently no unpleasant reaction, and thereby fix the explanation of the subtle and irresistible power it quickly acquires over its victims, carrying them to the very brink of destruction before they have dreamed of danger. Being a cumulative poison, the first warning symptom does not appear until the fatal chains are riveted that shall drag them, horror stricken and powerless of resistance, over the precipice to complete mental, moral and physical ruin.

Foreign Kings In America.

The first flag to float on American soil was the royal standard of Isabella, emblazoned with the arms of Castille and Leon. A white flag with a green cross was its companion. Some years after Columbus landed at San Salvador he Cabots planted the banner of England and of St. Mark of Venice on the eastern shore of North America. In the centuries that have intervened since a variety of national flags have waved where now only the stars and stripes is the accepted emblem. Over Texas have floated the French, Spanish, English, American and Confederate; in Louisiana the lilies of France, the Spanish flag, the tricolor, the American and Confederate flags; in California the Spanish, Mexican, Russian and American.

The Use of Quinine.

People who suffer with the liver and who get run down in nerve strength, sometimes complain that quinine does them no good, says a physician. The reason is this: When quinine passes into the intestine it is acted on by the bile and forms with it a salt that is soluble only in a great excess of bile, and it passes out of the system without entering the blood at all. To prevent this bilious persons ought to clear out the bile by a good liver pill or a saline laxative before the quinine is taken, even when the liver is not affected it is always best to take such medicines before using quinine.

The Earth and Man Compared.

If it were possible for a man to construct a globe 800 feet in height—much less than twice the height of the Washington monument—and to place upon its surface an atom one-ten-thousand three hundred and eighth of an inch in diameter and one hundred and twentieth of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportions man bears to the gigantic globe upon which he stands.

A Kissing Duel.

At some amateur theatricals in Vienna two people in the stalls, whenever Josephine was kissed, kissed each other fondly and with ostentation. It turned out that the man in the audience was the husband of the heroine, who disapproved of her theatrical tastes and, with the help of an amiable friend, took this way of reproving them.—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

An Accomplishment to Be Revived.

Tommy Hardnipple—Can you whistle, Mr. Wigwag? Wigwag—No, my boy. My whistling days are over. Tommy—Then you'd better learn again. Wigwag—Why? Tommy—'Cause I heard pop say he owed you some money and you'd have to whistle for it.

Fixed For Life.

"I can't understand how that young lawyer lives. I've never heard of him having a client."

"You haven't? Why, he is one of the people who helped to break old Biggerson's will. He doesn't need clients."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Many a tongue shakes out its master's undoing.—Shakespeare.

Vitality of a Frog's Heart.

There is no living creature, according to a Philadelphia surgeon, that has a heart with so much vitality as a frog, especially the species commonly known as the water frog. It is generally known that the aquatic frog will survive for months after the hind legs have been removed. Of course he cannot hop about as he could before losing his principal means of transit, but his fore legs help him to crawl wherever he desires to go. When I began to learn surgery I made a special dissection of a frog one day. I laid the various parts of the body on a table and discovered that life was extinct within a few hours in every organ except the heart. The heart showed valvular motion for a day after it had been severed entirely from the body. I am not aware that any other creature's heart is possessed of such vitality.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Nightshade.

The deadly nightshade in Italy and Spain is the emblem of falsehood. It is probable that the poisonous character of the plant had something to do with the symbolism.

He Misunderstood.

Mr. Slimpurse—Is it true that you consecrate your neighbors' chickens? Sam—No, sah; I criticizes 'em.

Be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.—Southey

INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. O. Wells.

A Hostess

who does her share of entertaining, wants her home in perfect repair. If she conducts a guest to

The Lavatory

and finds it out of ordered she is covered with confusion. There isn't any occasion for bad plumbing in this town while we're alive. Call us in and have it fixed right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs

and

Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

ALL OF WHICH WE OFFER TO OUR FRIENDS AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Union County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 22, 1906.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county with fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania, and if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. P. MARGOOD.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 24, 1906.

N. M. Orr of Kane is a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to nomination at the Republican primaries.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of Representative in the Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at its primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 5, 1906.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. GETTANDER.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 27, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. D. SIMMONS.

State Line Mills, Pa., March 7, 1906.

FOR DELEGATES.

Major Andrew D. Burns of the city of Bradford, is hereby announced as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

Hon. John W. Guthrie of Kane, is a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, under the rules of the Republican party.

The announcement of Samuel W. Smith Esq., of Port Allegany, as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, is hereby made, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

THE noted anarchist, Herr Most, is dead. During his life time he gained considerable fame, but of a very doubtful quality.

JUDGE MORRISON'S name has been mentioned as a possible candidate for governor. He would fill the office in an able and satisfactory manner, and his numerous friends would be much pleased to see him in the position. But it is not likely that he would make the run for the place.—Bradford Era.

THE prompt conviction of Thos. O'Toole, the New Castle man who killed Roy Barber last December, of murder in the first degree is one of the final chapters in a misspent life. The crime was a cruel one—the punishment is just. O'Toole's case is a grim warning to young men who stray from the path of sobriety, as it is more than probable that the condemned man can trace the start of his downfall to the use of whiskey or drugs.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has informed Pennsylvania Republican leaders that he hopes to see nominated in this State a ticket that can be elected next November. He evidently believes in reform within the party, says the Bradford Era. This is timely advice and should be heeded by the leaders and the rank and file of the Republican party that they may be lasting and of the greatest benefit to the whole people. Honest and able men with the true principles of Republicanism are unquestionably the safest and best men to be elected to the offices where reforms are needed and the voters of this Commonwealth should see that such men are elected to every office within the gift of the ballot.

AN anonymous correspondent complains about the way our schools are conducted in regard to the time the doors are opened and that pupils are not allowed to carry their dinners no matter how far they come. Ordinarily we do not pay any attention to communications that are not properly signed but in this case, owing to the fact that the MINER is always anxious to do anything in its power for the betterment of our schools, we deviated from this rule and made an investigation at once. And as a result we find that our correspondent had either been misinformed or was prejudiced in the matter. The facts are that the doors of the school house are opened twenty minutes before school starts in both sessions and also that if a pupil comes to the school house before that time and his or her teacher is in the building and the weather is cold the child is admitted. It seems to us that twenty minutes previous to the opening of school is sufficient time to open the door and there should be no complaint on this score. Teachers cannot be expected to be at the school house much earlier than that in the morning and they also have to go to their homes for dinner. As to children not being allowed to carry their dinner this is entirely a mistake. There is no rule forbidding them from carrying their dinner when they live so far from the school building that it is not convenient to go home at the noon hour nor in rough or stormy weather. The faculty does not encourage the carrying of dinners when it is reasonably convenient for the scholars to go home, but there is no rule forbidding it. While our columns are always open to anyone with a just complaint we do not think there is any cause for censuring the present school management.

School Directors Convene.

(Continued from 1st page.)

citing the conditions in many of the districts of the county, and incidentally showed a broad grasp of the subject and and an extended knowledge of the territory. He further stated that the "little red" school house had done more for the country than all the graded schools; that it was the guiding star of each community and must not be taken away. The plan of centralizing schools is one devised by teachers to better their own conditions, but we must always consider that the school exists for the teacher.

The discussion which followed was animated. It was participated in by Z. S. Bruner, who believed in centralization where conditions favored; by Sheridan Gorton, who did not believe in centralization at all; by R. K. Godding, who spoke in its favor, citing some very practical illustrations from Elk county; by A. R. Cory, who thought it a good thing; by Jas. Taylor, who considered it all right where it could be worked; by E. R. Mayo who said, "Whenever it is possible to bring the children together and grade your schools, by all means do it;" by W. T. Lynch who thought it was too hard on the children; by W. J. Rawson, who did not think it practical, and by several others.

Two or three instances were brought up where it had been tried in this county with doubtful results; but these were shown to be cases where two small schools were combined under one teacher, thus giving the pupils who had to be drawn all the disadvantages without any of the advantages of a graded school.

After a short recess, on the suggestion of one of the directors, the chair called for an expression of the directors present. The result showed 32 for centralization where practical; one against.

Dr. Geo. W. Gerwig of Pittsburg was next introduced and held the close attention of the directors for forty-five minutes on the subject, "Education from the Business Man's Standpoint." His argument was for more stress on the foundation work, particularly in reading, writing and English. He also added that one of the most necessary qualifications for business was a liberal amount of common sense.

The talk was most favorably received; and, judging from the comment aroused, will result in much good.

It might be in order to add that the directors in attendance impress one as an intelligent, august body of men who appreciate the importance of their work, and are anxious to learn all they can for its improvement.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The evening session was opened with a selection by the male quartet.

Miss Maude Willis of Lock Haven, who was prevented from taking her place on the afternoon program, was here introduced, and entertained the good sized audience of directors and townspeople in a charming manner for over a half hour. Her selections were both pathetic and humorous, showing great versatility and a fine sense of interpretation. The audience encored her again and again. It is not too much to say that she has added materially to the success of the convention.

The lecture of Dr. Gerwig on "Eyes That See," was both scholarly and fascinating. Dr. Gerwig has the faculty of holding close attention without resorting to silly tones. While he was extremely humorous at times, the humor had a vital connection with his theme, and always carried home a truth.

The convention was fortunate indeed in securing the services of so able a man, and the people of Smethport highly appreciate the treat afforded.

Dr. Gerwig said: We should learn to see things with the eyes of the child, for this is the only way of reaching him. We should become acquainted with the eyes of sympathy, the eyes of the artist, the eyes of the humorous, the eyes of proper proportion, the eyes that see broadly, and the eyes that recognize universal laws, for it is only with these eyes that we can fully understand and enjoy life.

THURSDAY MORNING.

President Bunce called the Association to order at 8:30, and announced that Miss Willis had consented to give several selections before she departed on the nine o'clock train. Her appearance was greeted with hearty applause. As on Wednesday evening, she held the assembly spellbound by her accurate portrayal of the characters she was representing and her charming personality. One of her listeners who has heard many of the best elocutionists was heard to remark, "She has reached the highest standard of impersonation in making you forget herself and see only the character she represents."

The general topic, "Duties of School Boards" was next taken up. R. K. Godding of Kane read a very interesting paper on the sub-topic, "To the Teacher." He made a strong plea for more sympathy between directors and teachers, and stated that directors should visit the schools often, not in the spirit of fault finding, but of friendly assistance and co-operation. The paper showed careful preparation and sound business logic, and, judging from the favorable comment it received, will certainly be productive of good results.

Supt. Bayle followed on the sub-topic, "Selecting Teachers." His points were: 1—Know what good teaching is. 3—Know which of your former teachers are good. 3—Know all you can about a new teacher before employing her.

Under the first he referred to Dr. Gerwig's talks regarding the fundamentals, reading, writing, language, etc., stating that there was a great lacking throughout the county in the teaching of reading. In order to know former teachers, directors must not depend on hearsay, but take Mr. Godding's advice and visit the schools. In selecting new teachers Mr. Bayle advocated the use of a blank form for all applications which would give full particulars regarding applicants. Instead of depending on general recommendations, he would make inquiries by private letters.

In the course of his remarks he said that it is absolutely impossible to have good schools unless we can retain teachers more than one or two years in the same schools. Directors must realize the importance of securing good teachers, putting aside all prejudice and personal considerations, must think only of the good of the children.

Geo. A. Turner of Kane was called upon to talk on the sub-topic, "Business Management" in the absence of the regular speaker. He presented some very practical ideas regarding the purchasing of books and supplies which were heartily seconded by several able business men in the discussion.

W. F. Lynch of Ceres township was asked to substitute on the sub-topic, "The Compulsory Law." He expressed himself as finding it a great help in keeping up the attendance and advocated its careful enforcement within the bounds of reason and good judgment.

After an especially helpful discussion by a number of directors on these important phases of the duties of school boards, the question box was opened by the president, and each question assigned to some member. The interest of those in attendance was manifest by the number and nature of the questions, and a very profitable hour was spent in answering and discussing them.

The report of the committee on resolutions was then called for and presented and unanimously adopted. Three supplementary resolutions were offered. One by Sheridan Gorton regarding attendance, which was adopted. Resolutions dealing with the question of vaccination in these words:

Whereas, the present Vaccination Law seems to conflict with the Compulsory Attendance Law; and

Whereas, a large number of the patrons of our schools are opposed to the enforcement of the law, as it now exists.

Therefore be it resolved, That the Department of Public Instruction be requested to take such action as will be necessary to bring the matter before the General Assembly of this State, to be convened at Harrisburg in January 1907, to the end that this law may be so modified as to give the Boards of Health, or in the absence of such board, the School Boards discretionary power in the enforcement of this law, excepting in times of epidemic.

That we present this matter to our Representatives urging them to assist in legislation, as outlined.

After a somewhat lively discussion of the merits and demerits of vaccination and vaccination laws, Mr. Bunce's resolution was adopted by a substantial majority.

The election of officers resulted: Pres., H. R. Hilton, Port Allegany; 1st Vice Pres., Fred D. Gallup, Smethport; 2nd Vice Pres., J. S. Taylor, Turtle Point; Sec., John Clark, Smethport; Treas., C. M. Colegrove, Smethport.

A partial report of the treasurer and a canvass of bills unpaid, showed that there would be a balance of several dollars after all expenses were paid.

The Association adjourned at 12:30. In the language of the committee on resolutions, "It was a success."

Very Low One Way Settlers' Rate to Minnesota and the Dakotas via the Nickel Plate Road from Buffalo to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba, every Tuesday until April 24th. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

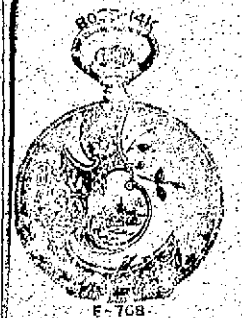
Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 4 p. m. of Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Fine Carpets—direct from the mill. The Lindholm Co., Agents.

Subscribe for the MINER.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

In St. - Smethport

OLD, WET

WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc. at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Mrs. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of John McKernan, late of Kenting township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys.

ANNA MCKERNAN,
P. O. Address, Smethport, Pa.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	2,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	3,217	49,258.68
July 1, 1905	5,404	87,399.06
August 1, 1905	6,043	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.01
October 1, 1905	21,939	138,660.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,278.89
December 1, 1905	25,423	182,853.90
January 1, 1906	7,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $3,6343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1.	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

New Spring Shoes and Oxfords for Men.

New Spring Shoes and Oxfords for Ladies.

NEW SPRING SUITINGS.

We have a complete line of the above and owing to the early Spring we are to have it is none too early to order your new Easter Suit. A fit guaranteed with every measure taken.

Spring Hats for Men.

New Shirts for Men

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ASK TO SEE THE

NEW QUARTERLY

For the first time American women can now stamp their own material for embroidery and needle work. By the aid of The Ladies Home Journal Transfer Patterns anyone can stamp initials, borders, centerpieces, etc. as easily as ironing a pocket handkerchief.

Remnant Sale of Dress Goods for the next ten days.

Call and get first choice.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

March 20, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

SPRING OPENING

—OF—

Ladies' Suits,
Spring Coats
and Jackets,
Separate Skirts.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 23,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Wishing to show you all the advance styles for

Spring and Summer Wear

we invite you to come

Friday Evening, Mar. 23

at 8 o'clock and enjoy the evening with us.

Music will be furnished throughout the evening.

No goods will be sold.

We welcome you all.

The Lindholm Co.

5c
EACH
FOR FRIDAY ONLY
237
"HOO HOO"
GAS MANTLES.

Only 2 to a customer. Not delivered. No telephone orders.

NOTE—This is the same mantle that has been sold for 10c each for a number of years. Remember the store.

H. H. REDFIELD
Hamilton Block. Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 22, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Moving pictures at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—D. C. Young has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Read the bargains Fry & Comes have to offer this week.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett, who was reported ill last week, is able to be out again.

—H. H. Redfield, the hardware man, is advertising a special sale on "Hoo Hoo" gas mantles in this issue.

—Miss Rae Mayo of this place was unable to conduct her school at Crosby last week on account of illness.

—The Madison Square Moving Picture Co. will exhibit at the Lyceum next Saturday evening. They come well recommended.

—W. G. Gilbert, for a number of years landlord of the Goodyear hotel of Austin, has purchased and will conduct the Warner House at Emporium.

—The Lindholm Company hold their spring opening tomorrow, Friday. Their store is being tastefully arranged and by reading their ad on this page full particulars may be obtained.

—The various railroads entering Smethport have met with little delay during the past week in spite of the heavy fall of snow. It is reported that the B., B. & K. between Ormsby and Kane is having trouble.

—Miss Rose Allen has moved into the the dwelling house on Pike street, formerly occupied by L. Hopper and family.

—At a recent meeting of the Olean Snow Shoe Club President Roosevelt and T. H. Pancoast were elected honorary members of that organization.

—W. E. Sawyer of Liberty township has been appointed deputy organizer for McKean county by the State Grange, in place of L. W. Howden of Coryville.

—Smethport fans will soon have to make a move if they intend to sustain their baseball reputation. Outside towns are already writing for dates for the coming season.

—A lively scrap Monday evening furnished an exciting afterpiece to many patrons of the Lyceum as they were leaving the house. The combatants were separated before much damage was done.

—Every train that can be secured is being used by jobbers in the woods in this vicinity. The present run of sleighing is a great boon to woodsmen and many logs and vast quantities of chemical wood are being moved.

—Pietro Nataro, one of the trio of convicted murderers in Warren, made an unsuccessful attempt to hang himself a day or two ago, in his cell. The murderer tied a belt about his neck and tried to strangle himself.

—The Burke-McCann company played to fair business Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The plays presented were "Mr. Kearney from Killarney," "The Man in the Overalls" and "Heir to the Throne." The company is a good popular-priced attraction and deserved better patronage. The famous McCann family of dancers repeated the hit scored in former visits to this town.

—The school teachers of Pittston township, near Wilkes Barre on a strike because of back wages them which they cannot collect. 600 pupils are shut out of school. It is a safe bet that not many of the acting as strike breakers.

—Michael Eagan, the road commissioner, has been the busy man in town this week keeping sidewalks in a passable condition. Even a case of from snow plow to shovel back again every day this week not crossings are kept remarkable free from snow.

—Claude Deming, the well known young Smethport twirler got a letter in the MINER office on this week from a player on the G Rapids, Mich. team, in which Claude offered a good salary for his service coming season with that team, was in the Central league.

—Patrick Kavanagh, four inspector of the P. & E. at Kane, was so badly injured Friday night that he died a few hours later. The unfortunate man was struck by a train engine and dragged a considerable distance. He was a highly respected citizen and his death is greatly mourned in that town.

—Special services are being held in the Methodist Episcopal church this week and will continue Sunday. Miss Hardy of Buffalo is giving great delight by her singing. Services tonight and tomorrow night beginning at 7:45 p. m. Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on the topic, "Confessing Christ" and in the evening the topic will be "Stewardship." Miss Hardy will sing morning and evening.

—Two female peddlers have invaded Olean as their place of abode are "in our midst" last week. They visited many dwellings in town and endeavored to sell fancy articles and notions. Simultaneously with their entree a number of people missed small articles from the rooms visited by the peddlers. A dry goods store also missed the loss of several articles soon after visit from the women. Were the light-fingered or was it simply a coincident is the question before the house in several Smethport homes.

—Jefferson DeAngelis tells about a column in the Buffalo Courier recently to "kid" a Kane audience how they laughed in the wrong place and did not applaud in the other places much as they should in his recent production of "Fantana" in that town. He also says he was mistaken for Jos Jefferson by an old resident of that place. Perhaps the average Kane audience has a peculiar idea of humor, but Mr. DeAngelis' criticism has a "fly who I am" complexion and is very much on the theatrical advance press notice order.

—The Potter Enterprise has a long, scathing criticism on the case says: "Charles Clapp, who has been chained in the county jail for several months, and who stands indicted on the most shocking and heinous charge that to the law or civilization, has most excellent prospects of escaping all punishment." Clapp is the Galeton man who was charged by his 12-year-old daughter with a terrible crime. She now lives with relatives in New York state and although two terms of court have passed since her father's arrest has not appeared against him.

—Ada Lamb, aged 13 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Lamb and Myrtle Lockwood, aged 11 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lockwood of Olean, were drowned in Olean creek Sunday afternoon. Their bodies were recovered. Both of the little girls were missed from their homes at about p. m. A search was started and the last which they had been playing was found on thin ice near a hole into which both had fallen. Neither had on caps and only one wore a hat. This was found nearby. The accident happened but a few rods from the home of the Lamb family.

—Following are the services St. Luke's church for the Fourth Sunday in Lent: Feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Morning prayer at 10:00 a. m. A celebration of the Holy Communion and sermon at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12:00 m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m. Service at All Saints' Chapel at 2:30 p. m. The Rev. L. F. Cole, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Pittsburg, will officiate both morning and evening. Wednday, March 28, Litany at 9:00 a. m. Children's service at 4:15 p. m. Friday, March 30, Litany at 9:00 a. m. Evening prayer and address at 7:30 p. m.

—The meeting of the Norther Association of Flint Bottle Manufacturers at the Hotel Holley Tuesday morning was attended by a good-sized representation. The storm had the effect of keeping some of the members from reaching Bradford in time for the session. The meeting was called to order at 9 o'clock in the parlors of the hotel. As was outlined in the Era Tuesday morning the association representatives decidd to adjust the price of bottles, a matter which has been under consideration for some time. The new prices favord a running scale and it was thought that they would average about a 5 per cent increase. It is expected that another meeting will be held about July 1.

—Myron D. Walsh, a young business man of Wellsville, N. Y., formerly of Duke Center and Eldred and who is well known throughout the county met with a very serious accident at Wellsville last Saturday. Mr. Walsh was temporarily in charge of some stallions at the driving park. He was showing one of the stallions to Grant Barney of Andover, N. Y., when the animal made a rush for the visitor. Mr. Walsh attempted to stop the infuriated beast when it grabbed him by the arm and threw him down in the stall, breaking the left forearm in two places and also fracturing his leg at the ankle. The animal was driven back and the injured man rescued and taken to his home, where physicians reduced the fractures. It is reported that if blood poisoning does not result Mr. Walsh will recover.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. J. Scott Walker was visiting in Buffalo this week.

J. E. Mullin, Esq., of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Dickenson visited Port Allegany Sunday last.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin is visiting relatives in Geneva, N. Y.

J. S. McCarty was in Mr. Jewett on business Monday night.

H. B. Verdon was over from Buffalo Sunday greeting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin spent Sunday with friends in Bradford.

Miss Bessie Blake visited her parents in Eldred the first of the week.

Mrs. J. H. Sowers of Olean was in town the latter part of last week.

F. D. Gallup, Esq., was transacting business in Bradford on Saturday.

Mrs. H. R. Henderson returned Saturday from a few days visit in Olean.

Miss Rose Riggall, of Bolivar visited relatives in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Eller of Shingle House were visitors in town over Sunday.

J. C. Backus departed Tuesday morning for New York City, on a business mission.

Miss Elsie Sherer was a guest of Port Allegany friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. S. A. McClafferty and little son of Hazelhurst visited relatives in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Verdon were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason this week.

Monroe Means of Ridgway was the guest of his brother, Ward Means, in town this week.

O. J. Hamlin and T. H. Pancoast were in Bradford yesterday attending a meeting of the flint glass bottle manufacturers.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Norton of Lima, Ohio, are spending a few weeks as the guests of Mrs. Norton's mother, Mrs. Edward McGill, and other relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Miss Alice M. Carman returned last week from Buffalo where she has been engaged in a wholesale millinery firm for the past two months and has again begun her work as trimmer in the millinery store of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 17, 1906:

Wm. Barnett, P. J. Bagley, Mrs. Blanch Baker, Charles E. Foss, G. V. Fuunce, Mrs. Wm. Harler, Hattie Hall, T. Hodgkins, Mrs. Kulp, Miss Anna Kayane, Thomas Landrigan, Miss Mary McDonnell.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Card of Thanks.

We, the undersigned, wish to express our sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends for their kindness and assistance to us during our dear mother's illness and death; also to the choirs of Smethport and Colegrove.

Mrs. Ben Colegrove,
Mrs. L. L. Clarke,
Beverly Carter,
Frank Carter.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

A Printzess Coat for Spring at Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

At MONHEIMER'S

THREE

One Dollar Shirts
for
$1.00.

They are stylish, up-to-date goods, the regular LION BRAND one dollar grade. For one week only, 3 shirts at the price of one shirt.

You must come quick before others take all we've got at such a ridiculous low price.

SIZES: 14 to 18 1-2.

Wm. Monheimer.

McCALL PATTERNS
10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS
2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

We offer this week several bargains in seasonable goods things your wanting right along these days. New things are continually arriving. You'll be interested in the New Dress Goods, Silks, Shirt Waists, The "Butterfly" Tailored Skirts. Neckwear and Monarch Shirts for men.

In the house furnishings there's a lot of new Carpets, Mattings, Linoleums, Lace Curtains, Draperies, etc.

Below we call your attention to a few items which are so much underpriced that the most exacting shopper must pronounce them rare bargains indeed. They only serve to point the way to other savings equally marked that this store affords.

500 yds. all Silk Black Taffeta Ribbons, perfect goods, 2 to 3½ in. wide, per yd. 10c; 4 to 5 in. wide, per yd. 17c.

144 Ladies' Embroidered Stock Collars, worth 25c, white and assorted colors, each 10c

25 prs. Lace Curtains, white and ecru, full sizes, worth $1.75, special per pair $1.28

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD.

BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS.

Brick, Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster,

Sewer Pipe, Ruberoid Roofing.

Wagon Repairing, Carriage Painting,

Custom Sawing.

Cash paid for good merchantable logs.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.
Bell Phone 473.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case.
Parker Lucky Curve
Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

A Gentlemanly Robber

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whitehead

Miss Lucy Davis, twenty years old and the daughter of a widow, was assistant bookkeeper and assistant cashier of the Flat woolen mills in the suburbs of a certain western city. It was one of the duties of the cashier to go to the bank in the city every Saturday forenoon and draw an amount sufficient to pay the wages of the employees, and he had never met with any adventure in so doing. One was coming, however.

There came a day when a stranger recognized him and tried to possess himself of the $2,500. He went over the ground from the bank to the mills and laid his plans, and a week before the event he felt certain that the boodle was his.

"Look here, Miss Davis," said the mill manager one Saturday forenoon, "I have word that Mr. Simpson is sick and won't be down this morning. At 10 o'clock you will have to go to the bank in his place. You can go down in a street car and come back in a hansom."

The young lady was rather pleased and proud over the errand, and when the hour arrived she set out with never a thought that it was to be an eventful day in her life. As she boarded a car in front of the mill a good looking stranger about thirty years old got in and sat opposite her. Although she could not say that he ever glanced at her, she had several sly peeps at him and was quite favorably impressed with his appearance.

The check was promptly cashed at the bank, and with the money in her reticule the girl reached the door to find an empty carriage drawn up as if awaiting her.

"Keb, ma'am?" queried the driver, and next moment she was inside and being whirled away.

Miss Davis was so occupied with thoughts of something else that she did not notice the landmarks along the way. When the hack suddenly stopped she looked out and saw that she had not arrived at the mill. Instead of that she had arrived at a lone old house standing alone on the block, and the neighborhood was one she had never seen before.

She sprang to the ground and began to question the driver, but he wheeled and drove off without a reply, and out of the house stepped the man of the street car and raised his hat and bowed and smiled.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" asked the girl.

"If you will step inside I will explain," replied the man.

"But I shall not step inside. Why did the carriage bring me here? I shall not stay a minute."

But she did. The man stepped forward and passed an arm around her and carried her within in spite of her struggles. He seated her on a box in a bare room and smilingly said:

"Excuse me, please, but you were acting a bit foolish. You have asked several questions, and I will now proceed to answer them.

"You are in the suburbs. You were brought here to be robbed. You will be detained a few hours and then set at liberty. Had the cashier gone to the bank for the money he would now have been in your place. You will be held blameless in this matter, and you must see that you are also perfectly helpless. I can take the money from you. Better take a sensible view of things. How much money did you draw?"

"About $2,000," she replied as she handed over the reticule.

"Not a fortune, but fair pay for a day's work. Now, then, you have got to endure my society for an hour or two, and I hope you will try to make the best of it."

The door had been locked. He raised a window, drew up another box and continued:

"We may as well be sociable as to sit here and sulk. Has the thought ever occurred to you that you would be a heroine some day?"

"I never expected to fall into the hands of a robber."

"It was foreordained that you were to become a heroine that way. Your story will create a sensation. The three daily papers will send reporters to interview you. They will publish your picture. They will describe the color of your hair and eyes, praise your small hands and feet, tell how cool and calm you were in facing the robber. You will be called one of the most beautiful girls in the state."

"You are impudent," said the girl, with a toss of her head.

"Then forgive me. If you are not engaged you will have a score of opportunities to become so. You will receive letters from all over the state. As a heroine you will be pointed out on the street, and the reporters will follow you home and write articles on how you eat and sleep, your old shoes, your likes and dislikes, whether pickles agree with you or give you headache. Songs may be composed and sung in your honor, and it is certain that a brand of cigars will be named after you. Fame is surely about to knock at the door."

"But I want none of it," responded Miss Davis. "I want to appeal to your better nature to give me that money and let me go. You say you are a robber, but I am sure you are also a gentleman and not without honor and sentiment."

"Yes, I am a gentleman by birth and education, and I have my fair share of sentiment, but this is a worldly matter and must be discussed from a worldly standpoint. You have read in the papers, haven't you, that the mayor of your city is accused of boodling and that an effort will be made to impeach him?"

"Yes."

"There are two aldermen under indictment and two more suspected, while a building inspector has had to leave the country to escape arrest. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, some of them at least are gentlemen and all have more or less sentiment, but has anybody appealed to them on that score to surrender their boodle?"

"I—I guess not. But because another man commits crime you cannot be excused," replied the girl.

"That is ancient history," smiled the man. "There has been a new deal on for the last fifty years. In our haste to get rich we have put principle behind us. The motto of the average man today is, Get rich as fast as you can and any way you can, but don't get caught at it. We haven't any use for the strictly honest man for many years past. He was sent to the poorhouse and died there before you were born. I freely admit that because some bank president steals the funds it doesn't follow that I am licensed to rob, but it does follow that if I am to get ahead in the world I must meet men on their own ground. For instance, the Flint woolen mills are supposed to turn out woolen clothes. As a matter of fact, they are mixing cotton with their goods and deceiving the public for gain. The public must get even or get left. I am one of the public."

"All this is rank sophistry," said Miss Davis when he had finished.

"Granted, my dear, but you cannot get over the fact that I have the money."

"And you will not return it?"

"I would not deprive you of the fame that awaits you. The chances are even up that this will bring you a rich husband. I am now going to take my departure. The door will be locked behind me, and you can't raise any of the sashes high enough to enable you to creep out. An hour hence the door will be unlocked, and you will be at liberty to go. I hope you will not blame me individually. I am as honest as other men—no more, no less. Goodby to you."

And in telling her story a hundred times over within the next ten days the girl always took pains to add:

"He was a robber, but he was a gentleman. I was really ashamed to ask him to give me back the money."

Libations and Perfumes.

In the libations of the Greeks, Egyptians and others perfume was largely used. Herodotus mentions the incident of the twelve kings of Egypt who were offering sacrifice in the temple of Vulcan. At the door of the temple on the great altar were laid bundles of sandalwood and cinnamon. Upon these the sacrificial boar was stretched, the fire lighted, pastils of incense thrown in and the smoke and "nidrous smells" rose high to heaven. Then into the inner courts marched the royal procession, preceded by incense burners, who bore golden salvers, and by the smaller altar the kings knelt in prayer. The priest, rising, sprinkled consecrated perfume over them and brought forth the golden beakers, for libation. But the old man, a little muddle headed, counted eleven cups as twelve. Psammetichus, who was left without, took off his brass helmet and in that offered the perfumed wine to Vulcan, the fire god. Previous to this the oracle had declared that he who offered a libation in a cup of brass should be sole king of Egypt. Unconsciously Psammetichus had fulfilled the condition, and he was therewith proclaimed king.

How a Fire May Start.

The ease with which a fire may be started and the apparently inexplicable causes which may produce one are both emphasized by a happening in an uptown house last week. The mistress of the house was seated in the extension parlor in the afternoon alone and perfectly quiet, when without warning a hanging bookshelf broke from its fastenings and slipped to the floor. On its way it struck a small table standing beneath it and knocked over a box of matches, igniting two or three of them. These flew off, one touching the light gauze scarf which had hung from the table, which fell blazing against the lace curtain near by. The frightened screams of the mistress brought a servant, and it took energetic measures on the part of the two women to extinguish the rapidly spreading fire. Had the room been untenanted, as it had been all the morning and would have been again fifteen minutes later, it would have been a case of fire department succor to have saved the house.—New York Post.

Word Oddities.

No man who is seeking political honors in these days is a "candidate," according to the true etymological significance of the word. Those who stood for office in ancient Rome were known as "candidati" because it was customary for them to wear a white toga ("candidus," white) as soon as their canvass had begun. The Latin for "canvassing," too, was either "ambitus" or "ambitio," according to its association with or freedom from bribery and corrupt practices. Both meant "going round." "Ambitio" was the good kind as opposed to "ambitus," which always implied dishonesty and unfairness.

"Shopping" was certainly a slang word until past the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Bee's Dictionary of Sports and Slang, published in 1825, defines the word as follows: "Shopping—Among women going about from shop to shop, buying little articles perhaps, perhaps not, but always pulling about great quantities of goods."

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS
CONSUMPTION

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

KEELHAULING.

Horrible Torture That Was Often Meted Out to Jack Tar.

Keelhauling was a method of naval discipline particularly in vogue with the Dutch, for as Van Tromp swept the channel with a broom at his masthead *his countrymen sometimes used human* sweepers under their keels. In square rigged vessels the victim was lashed to a spar and had iron weights secured to his feet; spans were secured to this spar, and lines were led from it to the mainyard. When all was ready the culprit was swayed up to the main yard, dropped into the sea and hauled under the ship to the other side. Here is the way Marryat describes its operation in that small cutter where Small Bones suffered and Smalleyew was thought to be a dog fiend. "This ingenious process," he writes, "is nothing more or less than scudding a poor barnacle on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows and with the rope retaining him exactly in his position under the keelson, while he is driven aft by a hauling line until he makes his appearance at the sudden chains generally speaking quite out of breath not at the rapidity of his motion, but because when so long under the water he had expended all the breath in his body and was inclined to take still water in lieu."

"In the days of keelhauling the bottoms of vessels were not copper-ed, and in consequence were all studded with a species of shellfish called barnacles which attached themselves, and as these shells were all open mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment, for they were made to hang the keelson of the vessel by the ropes at each side fastened to their arms, were cut and scored all over the body as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was that one out of three, it is said, has been known to recover after his submarine excursion."

No words can add to this verbal description of a very old and hearty sea way of murdering. All the officers of junior and middle rank and all the men, whether volunteered, shanghaied or pressed, were systematically underpaid and robbed.

Fishing For Sponges.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and shifts a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached. This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear. Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The sooth on eye and body is most intense to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make almost every sponge fisher a victim of acute rheumatism.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Good Advertiser.

A man in London wanted a job, and so he published the following advertisement:

"A hopelessly incompetent fool, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address I. F., 3 Macdonald road, West Kensington."

The singularity of it attracted a great deal of attention, and several people set out to look the individual up. When they found him they discovered he was a man of twenty-seven years, sober, intelligent, with an ordinary public school education. The result is that he has secured a good position with a responsible firm, and he bids fair to rise in the world, all the result of advertising and of writing an ad. so that it would attract attention because it was different from any other application for work that was ever written. The moral, therefore, of this tale is that if you would succeed by advertising write so that the notice would attract you if you were in search of help.—Muncie Star.

Nipping a Cold.

When the first symptoms of a cold appear begin to treat it at once. Once well under way a cold cannot be checked until it has run its course. A glass of hot lemonade upon retiring and plenty of bedclothes to induce perspiration will do wonders in warding off an incipient cold. For a sore throat or fullness in the nostrils, or both, it is excellent to inhale the steam from a pitcher of boiling water. A gargle of half a teaspoonful of salt to a glass of water is good or a pinch of powdered alum placed well back on the tongue dries an ulcerated tonsil. When the eyes are inflamed a little boracic acid comes prepared of the proper strength. An old fashioned remedy for a cold is vinegar and molasses, a horrid dose, but most excellent. Equal parts of vinegar and molasses and a piece of butter the size of a walnut are allowed to come to a boil, the dose being a teaspoonful about every twenty minutes. This is commonly called "stewed quaker."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

FRILLED LIZARD.

It Owns Caboose and Has a Mighty Bluff.

The frilled lizard in Australia is being nearly abundant in western and the Kimberley of western Australia. It lives on such as are found on the ticks. It is about three feet long, real from head to tail point. What is remarkable consists of two—its hurried walk and its fighter.

It is a sort of natural umbrella top sits neck, which it elevates suddenly with an alarming effect even to our lizard killing dogs, scaring them; umbrella opened in the face of a bug bull; hence it is called the lizard. Its teeth are not of much as a defense against a vigorous a, but when it fights it uses its tail in a way to bring long es on one's hands—in fact, could properly trained, it might serve an automatic switch, which, like Jingle rub-a-dub-dub stick, would word administer a thrashing disobedient child.

Pure scientific point of view the crest peculiar method of ambulation so interesting, because it presents absurdly grotesque appearance such times, more especially from rear. It walks bipedally on two like a bird, and so much does it role a bird in its walk that it seem be the connecting link between ancestors of birds and the lizard today.

ANGED TO MUSIC.

Doomed Man Sang "I Want to Be an Angel" With the Crowd.

"In early days of Wyoming, where were but a few churches and few infractions of law, a man of name of Barstow, who never knew and was a devout Christian, elected to the office of sheriff," said citizen of that state. "Soon afterstow entered upon the duties of office a man was convicted for a cap crime.

"The fact that there was no minister with much prevail upon the mind of the sin, who undertook to supply the by holding an hour's Bible read in the condemned man's cell, and sing with him. As the time for hanging approached Barstow been possessed with the fear that he not acquitted himself of the spiritual responsibility devolving upon him. He devised a programme that was odd and unique. After the victim of the law's mandate was placed upon the platform and everything was in readiness the sheriff prayed long and fervently. Then he called for some one to sing a hymn, and a man near the platform began the only one he knew, 'I Want to Be an Angel,' in which the prisoner joined.

"As the last verse was sung the sheriff had himself adjusting the noose, and immediately upon its conclusion the trap was sprung."

Geography Set to Music.

"I don't know," said a Bangor man the other day, "what their methods of teaching are in the schools these days, but I was surprised not long ago when talking to a youngster to find that he could tell how many counties there were in the state of Maine, not could he tell them all without looking up the information in his geography. He was a bright boy, too, and I wondered. When I went to school we learned the names of the sixteen counties to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' and to this day I have never forgotten how the class would sing the useful little jingle. It went this way:

Sixteen counties in the state—
Cumberland and Franklin,
Piscataquis and Somerset,
Aroostook, Androscoggin,
Kennebec and Kennebec,
Lincoln, Knox and Hancock,
Waldo, Washington and York,
Oxford and Penobscot."

—Lewiston Journal.

Diminutive Aztecs.

The feminine direct descendants of the Indian Aztecs are tiny creatures, exquisitely formed and refined in feature; they carry the head with the upbearing grace of the tall blanketed Indian; their skins are not red, but a clear, smooth, copper color that shines like coal in the sun; their hair is coarse and black as ebony, and they are ornated with bright feathers and gay ornaments. These women make the most wonderful pottery that comes to us from Mexico, for they have kept the old Aztec forms and decorations in their art, and they also weave wonderful skirts and do exquisite embroidery.

Order.

Order is a lovely nymph, the child of beauty and wisdom; her attendants are comfort, neatness and activity; her abode is the valley of happiness; she is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when compared with her opponent, disorder. —Johnson.

Teaching the Teacher.

Mother (whose children have had an education superior to her own, to her small daughter, whom she is in the act of smacking)—I'll learn you not to contradict me! Small Daughter (between her sobs)—Teach, mother, teach.—Punch.

Relations Became Strained.

Mrs. Amblish—I often tell my husband I wish he had more "get up and get" about him. Mrs. Jellers—Indeed? I've often heard that he gets up and gets his own breakfast.—Chicago Tribune.

A lazy man is as useless as a dead man and takes up more room.—Hubbard.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts.
Cams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

ARNISH ROCK.

Lighthouse Which Is Without a Light of Its Own.

The most [illegible] of all lighthouses is to be [illegible] on Arnish rock, Stornoway harbor, a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over a mile wide. It is in the Minch that this rock is situated and on its summit a lighthouse is being erected, from which a light will [illegible] a light which is seen [illegible] and wide. Yet there is not a lamp in the lighthouse and never [illegible] that there is to be, for the reason that there is no wick to trim and oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is [illegible] is this: "On the [illegible] of 1 [illegible] feet or so above [illegible] or six feet of light is to be [illegible] in the masonry [illegible] to [illegible] arrangement [illegible] are [illegible] the latter [illegible] in the mercury [illegible] direction."

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor [illegible] and yet which gives as serviceable light, taking into account the requirements of the locality, as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service room, bedroom, living room, storeroom, oil room, water tanks and all other necessaries, were erected on the summit of the rock.

Britain's Oldest Office.

The oldest office under the crown is that of lord high steward, which was in existence before the time of Edward the Confessor—indeed, some authorities say that it was instituted by Offa in 757. For a long period this official was second only to the king, and the office was for some time hereditary in certain noble families.—Tit-Bits.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—C. B. Hall, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engerson, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Wm. Lewis Hyde secretary; Alfred Rugberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. L. Ramey, James Herrmann, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—H. J. K. Lapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constables—E. W. Reeves.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Angle, treas., Sheridan Garton, sec'y, W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessors—I. H. Freeman.
Auditors—U. C. Clothier, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. —, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARCLAY, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. G. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:45 p. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 3:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:20 a m week days.

For Larrabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:00 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport as follows:

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P.
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K.
11:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P.
2:5 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Buffalo B R & P.
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P, and DuBois via B R & P.
5:37 p m for Bradford via B R & K.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:30 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:45 p m from Bradford.
9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. D. G. EASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday as follows: 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20	2:20	6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	8:25	2:50	6:55
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:30	10:16	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:31	11:26	5:08
			p. m.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 5:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry., and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt. B. S. BROWN, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Nov. 20, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:35	5:11		Hornellsville	Ar 9:35	5:50	
6:50	5:26		Arkport	9:25	5:48	
			Lv Bus			
6:47	5:36		Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
6:34	5:42		Canerserings	9:07	5:30	
6:30	5:45		Burrwoods	9:02	5:25	
7:10	6:00		Avoca	8:48	5:10	
7:18	6:17		Kinzua	8:29	4:57	
7:53	6:39		Angelica	8:06	4:33	
8:22	10:2		Friendship	7:37	4:05	
8:5	10:45		Bolivar	Lv 7:05	3:33	
5:40	11:36		Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:35
6:50			Larrabee			9:28
7:18			Sta Hunt			9:02
8:06			Mt. Jewett			8:10
9:50	1:7	23	St. Marys	Ar 1:50		10:20
	10:07		Shawmut		2:13	
	A 10:2	2	Brockwayville		1:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M			A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:00	Wayland	Ar	10:45	3:00	6:00
3:30	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville		10:39	2:50	6:52
3:43	11:33	7:52	Rogersville		10:12	2:16	6:45
3:57	11:47	8:08	Stony Brook Glen Hills		9:45	2:01	6:31
4:00	11:50	7:40	Hornellsville Jc		10:00	2:30	6:20
			Burns				
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport		9:54	2:21	6:17
4:32	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville		9:41	2:10	6:01
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M	P M

All trains daily except Sunday.

L—legend A—arrive; I—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
G. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.45	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	"	1.57	Carpenter	"	2.34	"
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.21
7.32	6.45	1.50	New Albion Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
"	"	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.48	"
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.4
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bldg's	8.01	3.06	10.0
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.12
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	"	1.05	N. Conds'pt	"	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.35
"	"	12.13	Hammond	"	"	"
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.50	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	"	11.59	Knowlton	"	6.17	"
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.47
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	"	11.41	Coleman	"	6.34	"
3.20	"	"	Chem. Wks.	"	"	"
3.15	7.05	11.36	Ar. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it has—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unqualled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

HOMESPUN HEROICS

By Claude Pamares

Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Parcells

One of the habitues of Skinner's grocery, at the village of Skinnersville, was Abe Langford. He became a "sitter" when he was twenty years old, and for twelve years he never missed but one night. That was the night of his marriage to the Widow Durham. She was his senior by ten years, and she married him mostly that he might have a mother. Every night, rain or shine, summer or winter, Abe was there.

During the first year the old veterans crowded him around somewhat, but after that one of the cracker barrels was marked with his initials and duly recognized as his throne.

As for occupation, Abe was most anything. He did a day's work here and there, but the wife mainly supported the two of them by sewing for the neighbors. Abe was mild mannered and easy going, and he was not much of a talker.

But Abe Langford's wife knew him better than his fellow sitters. They had often remarked among themselves that he had no ambition. She knew better. Under that quiet and humble demeanor was hidden away an ambition that longed to soar and impatiently waited its opportunity. Almost every night when Abe reached home he said:

"Doggone it, I don't amount to shucks and never will. Why hain't I as big a man as Deacon White?"

"What's the deacon been doin'?"

"A horse thief tried to git into his barn last night, and the dog woke the deacon up, and he went out and yelled at the fellow that if he didn't git out mighty sudden he'd let go a full bush el of buckshot at him. He's a hero, the deacon is. When he got through tellin' the story Skinner offered to trust him for ten pounds of sugar all to once."

"Everybody can't be a hero," answered the wife, with a sigh.

"What do you s'pose happened to Elijah Smallman two or three years ago?"

"I can't say. I don't remember of his telling that anything did."

"No, he never told a human being about it till to-night, and then he made us all promise never to breathe a word to a soul. Lordy, but the chills went up and down my back while he was tellin' it."

"What was it?"

"He saw a murderer. His dog barked about midnight, and he got up and looked out of the winder and saw a murderer snoopin' around. The feller even came up and rattled on the kitchen door. The dog put his tail down and made a sneak and didn't come home for two days. Lijah said he got so weak in the knees that he could hardly get back to bed, and he covered up his head for more'n an hour afterwards."

"How did he know it was a murderer?"

"Because the feller had on a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and was crouched over. That's the way they allus do. Yes, he was a regular murderer. A week later a tinpeddler come along and told Lijah that a bull family had been murdered about fifty miles away the very next night. If the dog hadn't barked the Smallman family would have been wiped out. Do I ever see a murderer snoopin' around?"

"Land o' massy, but I hope not!"

"But I orter see one, same as other folks. If I ever do see one I won't stand and tremble and shake. No, sir, I won't. I'll just go right out to him and tell him to bump himself out of that or he'll have me in his hair, but I shan't never see one. There's no such good luck for me."

"But you hain't done so bad," observed the wife in soothing tones "Ion fell in the river once, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you had a fight with a lightnin' rod man?"

"Yes."

"And a mad dog chased you up a ladder?"

"But what does all them things amount to agin Injuns and murderers? I want to be a hero, same as other folks. If I'd ask Skinner to trust me for ten pounds of sugar all to once he'd drop dead."

"Wual," said the wife as she rose up to prepare for bed, "you are doin' all you can, and nobody can't do any better. If you live long 'nuff mebbe your chance will come."

It was on the road and only two weeks away. A millionaire had his summer home on the bank of the river running through the village. His eighteen-year-old daughter was fond of rowing, and it was an almost everyday sight to see her skimming along in her boat. There had been heavy midsummer rains, and the river had gradually risen until the water poured over the dam like a Niagara. There was a drop of twelve feet, with three or four waves at the bottom rising up and curling over in a menacing way. One day, at the highest stage of the water, three young ladies appeared on the pond in a boat. The rich man's daughter was taking company out for a row. Two hundred feet above the dam, as she attempted to turn and go back, one of the oars snapped, and in her sudden panic she lost the other, while the boat turned broadside to the stream. To go over the dam in that fashion meant death to all.

Abe Langford had been salvaging sawlogs and boards from the river with rope and hook and stood on the bank when the disaster to the boat occurred. There were others higher up and lower down who were startled by the screams of the girls, but not one of them grasped the situation. It was left for Abe. Off came his coat, vest and shoes, and in he plunged. A score of men called to him that he could never hope to tow the boat ashore, but that wasn't his plan. There was just a chance that if the girls kept quiet and the boat was guided over the dam how first she wouldn't tip or be upset. Abe caught it when it was yet fifty feet from the plunge, and, whirling it about, he hung on to the stern and cut the bow pointed straight. Then he said to the girls:

"We have got to go over the dam. All of you crouch down and hang on for your lives. If you make one move we shall all be drowned."

There was screaming and yelling and shouting all along the banks, but Abe Langford was not rattled. Two of the girls had fainted away, and the other was dumb with fright. The boat half filled, but floated through to safety, and, guiding and swimming, Abe brought her to the bank. He had done a brave deed, and the fellow-townsmen were destitute in their praise. He took it all in his humble way, and as soon as he could escape them he went, shivering, home.

"Good lands, Abe Langford, but what's the matter?" exclaimed the wife on beholding his saturated condition.

"Just saved three gals from drowndin'," he replied.

"Then you are a hero at last?"

"Didn't the luck, no! In all the stories I've ever read the hero marries the gal whose life he saves. There was three of 'em, and what am I goin' to do about it? Besides, if there wasn't but one I'd be married to you just the same, wouldn't I? I tell you luck is agin me, and I shall never have a fair show."

"Wual, git off your wet clothes and mebbe you'll be chased by a mad bull tomorrer," said the motherly wife as she began drying his wet hair with a towel.

HE HUNG ON TO THE STERN AND GOT THE BOW POINTED STRAIGHT.

Dangers in Circulating Libraries.

A foreign medical journal has been publishing facts about the dissemination of disease through books from public libraries. It is, of course, impossible for librarians to ascertain where books have been or to know the conditions of families into which they go. A large number of books were examined and were found to contain the bacilli of pneumonia, diphtheria and many other germs, some of which were harmless. Even new books fresh from the publisher's hands were found to contain germs. There are very many persons who practice wetting the fingers with the lips or tongue when turning the pages of books. This is an exceedingly dangerous thing to do, not only to the person who does it, but to all others who may use the book afterward, especially if the person so doing has any form of disease in the system. Invalids of all kinds are likely to be great readers, and the consumptive or those suffering with cancer may unwittingly deposit on the pages of the volumes they peruse the deadly germs of their own malady.

Just a Lie.

"I once," remarked Colonel solemnly, "I once, sir, only once, had all thirteen trumps dealt me."

"Er—I suppose you were the dealer," suggested a candid friend.

"No, sir!" roared the colonel. "No, sir! I was not the dealer!"

"Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?"

And a terrible silence ensued.

Recuperating.

Visitor (to convict)—I suppose you find your life here very tiresome, my friend, do you not? Convict—Oh, no, sir. I have been a burglar for a good many years and have worked hard and conscientiously at the business, and as I'm only in for three years I feel that the rest is doing me good.

THE TURKEY BUZZA.

This Ugly Creature Figures Incongruously in Folklore of Jamaica.

There is an odd little legend told in the beautiful island of Jamaica attributing to a wizard the peculiar ugly appearance of the turkey and which was once, so the legend tells, a bird of rare grace and beauty.

Between this particular wizard and the turkey buzzards there had been a feud of long standing, but one the former announced his intention of making peace with his winged enemies and invited them all to a banquet to end the pleasant relations that were to exist in the future. The turkey buzzards readily accepted the invitation and assembled in due time at the door of the wizard, where an immense caldron, carefully covered, was being. Raising the cover, the host bade his guests to take a look at the evil within, which each guest obeyed in his turn.

In an instant the cover closed on the heads of the unsuspicious key buzzards, which found to their chagrin the caldron was filled with boiling water. With frantic struggles the deceived birds freed themselves from their painful positions, for what they thrust their heads deep into the mixture, expecting to taste unutterable delights provided for the occasion, and when they flew, smarting within the glossy plumage that once graced their backs and heads remaining the caldron, to the wizard's great delight.

The turkey buzzard is most relative in appearance to its featherless enemy, being a plucked effect which would give rise to the legend here told; its name denotes the buzzard is noble a turkey, but its dusty, unkempt appearance is a great contrast to well groomed, oiled kings of the barnyard whose namesakes they are.

The turkey buzzard has, however, one point of beauty that deserves description—his flight. He is the embodiment of winged gracefulness. He sails his wings and head seemingly motionless, a black object against the blue of the southern sky, too far away for the watcher to note the ugliness. Without a motion of the wings, he will descend in all manner of dashing evolutions, resting in the balmy air on watch for a meal. Suddenly his keen eye will spy what he seeks, when he will be prone for repulsive and haughty he may be, revealed the fact that he can.

Yet this ugly, ugly bird has its uses. Without him the air would be a very election to disease, diseased bird and animal feasted upon the decaying matter. As scavenger he is invaluable, and the law protects him as he plies the craft for which he was created.

A Cat Story.

A Toronto writer vouches for the truth of a cat story which ought to interest students of psychology, pugilism, metempsychosis, and felis at least. The cat, so runs the narrative, appeared strangely at the head of a man and his wife who detested each family. The ill favored creature was in such a state, however, that he decided to give it one meal. They did and then in vain strove to drive it away. It stayed and ate ravenously, stealing food even between meals. It continued to do so, finally the couple decided that, after giving it the best meal conceivable for a cat on the night should seize it and dash its brains against the garden wall. He gave its breakfast of dainties. The cat gered over the feast contemplatively and soon looked up at its master, who was watching it. When the plate had been licked clean, he stooped to take up the cat, but it struck viciously at its paw, scratching it all the way across the back, and, bounding, away, leaped over the wall and disappeared forever.

A Happy Thought.

A gambler borrowed a sum of money from a money lender, and, the note falling due, he called upon the lender and told him he could not pay it at that time. The money lender became greatly excited. "I want the money, I must due. You must pay it." The gambler pulled his pistol out, pointed it at the head of the money lender and said, "Eat that note or I will blow the top of your head off." The money lender looked at the pistol, then at the man, and decided that it would be wiser to eat the note, which he did. A few days after the gambler called and paid the value of the note, much to the relief of the money lender, who said: "My friend, you are a good man, and when you need any more money come and I will let you have it." Some time later the gambler applied for another loan, which the money lender was very willing to advance. The gambler wrote down to write out a note, when the money lender called out: "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing out that note on a soda cracker?"

Funny Blunders.

The following is surely the finest vote of thanks uttered for a long time. The speaker, with evidently the best intentions in the world, nevertheless floundered along through various sentences complimentary to the lecturer and finally flickered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture, to which we have so ably listened." The audience was so wearied that it did not notice the famous remark, and only the lecturer smiled.

It is fit to be placed beside another muddle headed sentence made in conversation to a north London clergyman. A man had been pressing his views energetically on a certain question when suddenly he paused and looking at the clergyman, said tisky, "And now, sir, what is your humble opinion?"—London Tit-Bits.

Lings' Bargain

By
LAURA ALTON PAYNE

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"What dat, Blings?" cooed the dimpled cherub, patting the bald spot that spread like a small shining desert in an oasis of thick blond hair on Blings' well shaped head.

Whitlock grinned.

"Mimmie's pet mustn't be naughty," said the pretty widow, turning her brown eyes apologetically on Blings. "Come to mamma, dearie. Mr. Blings isn't used to babies."

But the willful cherub, otherwise Baby Mamie, who had previously and after many vain efforts claimed when the rustle and occupied by Blings, for whom she had evinced a decided partiality from the start, only snuggled the closer to the secretly delighted Blings and cooed, "Baby love Blings," then as a happy afterthought, "Mamma 'ove Blings," in which frank and wholly unexpected revelation of her small daughter the pretty widow's face rivaled Blings'.

Whitlock guffawed. "Now's your chance, Blings," he urged, with malicious levity at his rival's discomfiture. But Blings, with a hasty adieu, fled, leaving the cherub disconsolate.

Blings metaphorically kicked himself all the way home for not taking advantage of the best opportunity he had ever had, even if it was before the sneering Whitlock, and for his cowardly desertion of the pretty widow to Whitlock's caustic raillery.

Blings paused at his own gate and gazed miserably at the big silent house. He shut his eyes a moment and, hungered he saw the pretty widow and the cherub sitting on the front porch. It was a blissful vision, but Blings felt that it would never become a blissful reality unless a miracle happened.

Blings was a bachelor. Blings was big and blond and bald. Blings was bashful—in fact Blings was a whole swarm of "B's." He narrowly escaped being a beauty, with his ruddy complexion and innocent blue eyes. His size was the only thing that saved him from this terrible fate. Moreover, Blings was a bargain hunter. No woman could scent a bargain sale farther off than could Billy Blings. Incidentally, Billy was the climax to Blings' woes. But no person on his part could convince his friends of the absurdity of calling a six footer Billy.

Blings' bachelorhood was a condition of neither birth nor achievement—it was thrust upon him. During his early life there had been many sale of a dozen maids and widows that Billy would have been only too happy to be endowed with half his wealth, and that for his excessive bashfulness. Never yet had he been able to screw his courage up to the point of proposing. Though he had made almost superhuman efforts in that direction.

This seemed a pity, for Blings was undeniably cut out for a Benedict. He thought all women angels, and all babies cherubs.

As he stared moodily on the momentous morning after his precipitate flight Blings had a particular cherub in mind—a pretty, brown eyed, dimpled cherub that he would have given half he was worth to possess and the other half to possess the cherub's pretty, brown eyed mother. But so far every glance from Mrs. Jessie Moffait's roguish eyes had produced the unfortunate effect of instantaneous paralysis of poor Blings' tongue, so that he could only stand dumb or blush and stammer like any silly schoolboy.

This was not the first time by any means that Blings had performed that metaphorical feat. It had been at least a semi-weekly occurrence for several months past. Each time Blings vowed that the next time he would not act the fool. But he did. He had reached the point where the inevitable mental feat was ordinarily quickened with a vigorous *ejaculation* that would have shocked the pretty widow had she heard it.

Blings felt his helplessness bitterly. So absorbed was he in this thought as he picked his way along the shady street that he failed to observe the widow a block or so ahead of him. A deep gloom enveloped Blings' soul that bright June morning.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "If something doesn't happen soon I'll"—

"Going, going—gone!"

Blings pricked up his ears and hastened his steps. An auction, and he not to know it? Turning a corner, he came full upon a familiar scene, just as a table was knocked down to the highest bidder. Blings' eyes gloated over the unusual display of household goods spread before him.

"Fifty cents!" fell a voice in the crowd as the auctioneer held up an article. It was Whitlock's voice, Blings' wealth flared up, and before he had time to think he was bidding furiously against his rival. For in the grip of "bargain fever" and whetted on by Whitlock, Blings rapidly became possessor of various articles that were of as much use to him at the present of his existence as a celestial harp and a pair of wings. Had Blings interrupted the exchange of words between Whitlock and the auctioneer he might have been more cautious. As it was, the barricade around Blings grew and grew.

"Going, going—gone!" shouted the auctioneer. "Dirt cheap at that, Mr. Blings. Here, Sam, wheel this perambulator around to Mr. Blings."

Perambulator! Heavens! Had he bought a perambulator? Blings wiped his perspiring brow and glared defiantly around.

"Why, Billy Blings!" cried a laughing feminine voice at his elbow. "What do you want with a perambulator?"

[illegible] a merry face encountered [illegible] to see the pretty [illegible] the cherub cling[illegible] by the hand.

Blings turned fiery red and caught wildly at his hat, or where he supposed it to be, only to find that he was fanning himself with it. Making an embarrassed bow, he began to mop his perspiring face violently.

"Here's yer p'rambulat'r," said Sam laconically, pausing in front of Blings. Blings turned fascinated eyes on the thing, which seemed to him to have greatly increased in size during its progress from the auctioneer's stand.

"And a baby's high chair," announced another laughing voice as the speaker leaned forward and inspected Blings' bargains.

There was a general craning of necks.

"And a little red rocker," exclaimed another.

"A doll—and a doll carriage."

"A child's cot."

"Footstool, workbasket, sewing chair and sewing machine," enumerated Whitlock, rushing forward. "Great Jupiter, Blings! What does this mean?" with mock severity.

Poor Blings thanked his stars that none of them knew of that cradle in the attic, the result of a former aberration. He gazed helplessly around at his tormentors, then at his barricade. What on earth had induced him to bid in all that stuff?

He had made himself so ridiculous in her eyes he'd not stand a ghost of a show now. The only thing left for him to do was to make his escape as best he could.

Blings glanced furtively around, but all avenues were closed by laughing faces. He grew desperate. Just as he was contemplating a dash for liberty along the line of the least resistance the miracle that he had been so skeptical about happened.

A frightened horse, a woman's scream, a scene of confusion, and when Blings came to he found his arms around the pretty widow, who was clasping the pretty cherub to her breast and sobbing hysterically on his shoulder.

"Oh, Billy—dear, dear Billy! Save me, save me!"

At these incoherent words Blings' courage rose to the occasion. His manliness slipped from him like a cloak. Before the astonished eyes of the wholly staring crowd he bent and kissed the pretty widow and the dimpled cherub.

"There, there, sweetheart," he said soothingly, "the danger is past." Then, turning to the gaping crowd, Blings lied magnificently.

"I was just going to explain," said he, "when that confounded horse interfered, that I bought these things for my wife and child. The fact is"—

"Mrs. Blings!" protested a shocked but smothered voice.

"Mrs. Moffatt and I expect to be married just a week from today, and I like this occasion to invite"—

"Billy Blings! How dare you?"

—"the whole crowd to attend. The fact is"—the sight of Whitlock's amazed and wholly skeptical countenance stimulated Blings to greater invention—"we would have announced our engagement sooner but for certain unforeseen circumstances that—er caused us to—er—await a more propitious time. But"—

"Oh, Billy, hush!"

—"after next Thursday we'll be at home to our friends. You all know the way to The Elms, where you'll always find"—

"Oh, Billy, dear!"

—"a welcome."

An Artist's Joke.

Holman Hunt, who began life as a clerk to an auctioneer and estate agent, was constantly drawing portraits when he should have been drawing up leases, and in his chosen profession he was never slow to seize the flying moment. "I won't buy your oranges," he said to an old woman who had entered the office in search of a customer, "but I'll paint your portrait." Old Hannah was delighted, and thereupon she was put on paper in her habit as she lived, her basket on her head and an orange in her hand. But one incident of this tedious yet ambitious period of the artist's life never ceased to afford him amusement. The windows in his room were made of ground glass, and as he had little to do he spent much of his time in drawing flies upon its roughened surface. A blot of ink sufficed for the body, and some delicate pencil strokes for the wings, and at a distance the deception was perfect. Day by day the number increased, and one morning his employer came in, stopped before the window and exclaimed: "I can't make out how it is. Every day that I come into this room there seem to be more and more flies." And, taking out his handkerchief, he attempted to brush them away.

Primitive Incense.

In ancient days sweet odors were obtained by burning aromatic gums and woods; hence the word perfume, which is from the Latin per, through, fumus, smoke or vapor. From this arose the idea of incense in primitive worship. It was used by the orientals long before it became known to the western world. People of the east utilized it for sacrifice in their temples. At feasts it enhanced the pleasure of the senses. At funerals it was a bribe to appease the manes of the dead, and later, in theaters, a disinfectant against the unpleasant odors of a crowded building. Pliny assures us that incense was not employed in sacrifice until after the Trojan war, when fragrant woods were applied to give an agreeable smell. In an ancient magical manuscript it is directed that three grains should be taken, with three fingers, and placed under the threshold to keep away evil spirits, which might come in the form of offensive odors.

THE LOVERS' CANDLES.

An Old Custom That Still Prevails in Poland.

A very old superstition is to be found in Poland to the effect that two lighted candles set afloat on the river by two lovers will by their course foretell if the course of true love will run smooth or otherwise.

The "lovers' candles" are launched at a very pretty water fete that takes place every summer on that part of the Vistula which runs through Poland. It commences at sunset. The river is thronged with a procession of little boats containing masked ladies and gentlemen. Each person carries two wreaths and two candles, the latter representing the person carrying them and the object of his or her affections. They are lighted, fixed firmly in the centre of the wreaths and laid side by side in the water. Should they float down the river close together it is a sign that their lives should be united. Should they drift away from each other it is a sign that the lovers will be parted, and should they only drift asunder for a little way and farther on come together again it is a sign that the loved ones will only be parted for a time and all come right in the end. There is much method and order about the arrangement of this procession. The boats glide along in rows, so many abreast, and after the first row have proved their wreaths they move away to the sides and the others come forward in succession. The river is well illuminated, and a large concourse of people assembles to watch the proceedings. The scene is a charming one and reminds one more of fairyland than of anything else.

MATELESS PIGEONS.

Curious Provision of Nature to End Their Solitude.

"Pigeons are monogamous," said a raiser of those birds for market, "and the female lays but two eggs. One of these is always the egg from which a male is hatched, and the other incloses the future female. If by any accident a cock pigeon loses its mate or a hen pigeon becomes widowed the sympathies of the entire lot go out to the afflicted brother or sister. If it should so happen that a cock should lose his mate and a hen hers, so that they are both mateless at the same time, the afflicted pair soon forget their grief in a new life partnership, and all is serene.

"But if there is a widower in the cot and no convenient widow for him to take to mate, or if there is a widow for whom no widower pigeon is on hand, something must be done to fill the vacancy. Upon the first hen pigeon to nest after the vacancy occurs falls the opportune duty. If she hasn't hatched her eggs yet she promptly dumps one of the two out of the nest. She never makes a mistake in evicting the right one. If a widow is to be provided for, the hen throws out the egg containing her future daughter; if a widower is going to mate she disposes of the son egg. If she has hatched her egg when a demand is made for the sacrifice she does so, feeling the youngster who will be superfluous and starves it to death. Pigeons grow fast, and squabhood over, the lone product of that nest becomes mate to the bereaved member of the flock."

Sunday Observance.

Scene, Scotch farmhouse; time, Sunday morning.

Tourist (to farmer's wife)—Can you let me have a glass of milk please?

Milk is produced and consumed.

Tourist (taking some coppers from his pocket)—A penny, I suppose.

Farmer's Wife—Mon, dae ye no think same o' yersel' tae be buyin' goods on the Sawbath?

Tourist (pocketing the coppers)—Oh, well, there's no harm done. I'm sure I'm much obliged. But won't you have the money for it?

Farmer's Wife—Na, na; I'll no tak' less than saxpence for breakin' the Sawbath!—Leeds Mercury.

Washington and Harvard.

Washington received from Harvard college the honorary degree of doctor of laws. The distinction was voted by the president and fellows of the college at the meeting at Watertown, April 3, 1776, "as an expression of the gratitude of this college for his eminent services in the cause of his country and to their society." The signers were President Samuel Langdon, Nathaniel Appleton, John Winthrop, Andrew Eliot, Samuel Cooper, and John Wadsworth.

Didn't Know.

There are some persons who cannot take a joke, but Sniggins is not one of them. A "friend" acquainted with Sniggins' frequent changes of abode asked him which he thought was the cheaper to move or to pay rent.

"I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Sniggins. "I have always moved."—London Telegraph.

Aids to Happiness.

Cultivate the habit of detecting the possibilities for good in things and people; also the habit of letting people know how much you like them. It makes the world a pleasant place.—Woman's Life.

His Scheme.

Creditor—Can't you pay me something on account of that bill you owe me? Debtor—How much do you want? Creditor—I'd like enough to meet the fees of a lawyer to sue you for the balance.

Barks.

The class in natural history, being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered, "A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

Subscribe for The MINER and get all the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA
In good, reliable companies.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

According to Custom

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The night was perfect. Over picturesque Havana a yellow moon poured a flood of glory, throwing strange shadows on the old Morro, where the O'Donnell tower light revolved with steady flashes, and sleeping all the world in a subtle, elusive spell.

On the Malecon the band was playing. Light hearted laughter floated from the thickly clustered benches and carriages. It was not a night to be alone.

Jerry Benedict, standing on the edge of it all, felt the beauty and knew the loneliness. He had come to Havana at Tom's suggestion. "There is a good opening down here which might suit you," his brother had written. And now, on arriving, he found Tom gone to Cienfuegos, not to return for several days. Jerry, wandering about by himself, had promptly fallen in love with the quaint little city, its gayly painted houses, dusky white clad men and pretty senoritas. Havana was not a bad place, he decided. But tonight he was restless. The moon was almost too powerful in its splendor and charm.

Turning away from the merry crowd that made him feel an alien and an outcast, he decided to walk to his brother's house in Vedado. There was a fresh coolness in the air. A walk would do him good. He struck accordingly into one of the nearby streets.

On his side the pavement was quite dark, but across the way the moon, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy upon the pink and white houses, showed every detail of window and facade and revealed plainly any one within who leaned out to breathe the air.

Suddenly Benedict stopped short. In an upper window, alone, stood a girl, certainly the most exquisite girl Benedict ever had seen. Against the blackness of the room behind her face, turned full toward the street, stood out as purely pale as a moon flower. Heavy masses of dark hair crowned the stately little head, and just back of the tiny ear lay one splendid crimson blossom. Benedict caught his breath. The girl could not see him there in the darkness, he thought, and he remained motionless, staring with eager eyes. Who could she be?

The sound of a footfall roused him, and he turned abruptly just at the moment to collide with a slender, carefully dressed man. Benedict, his eyes still full of moonlight, mumbled some word of apology, but the other, after a quick glance at the window, looked back at the young American, and a slow smile began to dawn on his lips.

"But you are quite excusable, senor," he said in pretty English. Again his eyes sought the window. "It is for me to apologize," he laughed. "The sight of the Senorita Carmela is reason enough."

"You know her then?" burst out Benedict. Then he started and recollected. "I—I beg your pardon," he stammered distressfully. "But—but!"—

The man nodded more gravely. "I judge you are a stranger here," he remarked. Young Benedict flushed.

"Yes," he said. "I—I suppose it is awfully rude to stand in the street and stare that way. But I never had seen any one so beautiful before," he ended up quite simply, the color deepening under his tan. "And I thought perhaps—my brother might know," floundering again. "Mr. Thomas Benedict," he added as the other seemed to wait.

The Cuban looked at him more closely.

"Is Tom Benedict your brother?" he asked, and in some way his voice had altered. "Tom! Ah!" Then he lifted his hat.

"Good night," he said politely. "And let me give you a piece of advice. It is not unusual to stand under a window, to watch from a point of vantage, or even to speak." And again he laughed. "But you, senor"—and his tone held a warning tone—"for you, senor, it would be best not to try it. You are but a stranger here, and our customs are not yours."

And before the somewhat indignant Benedict could recover speech the stranger had bowed, replaced his cigarette between his lips and was gone. The girl at the window, too, had vanished, and Benedict, accepting perforce the other's advice, walked on. But the sight here and there in the dusky street of a man leaning against the iron bars which guard the lower windows, exchanging low remarks to some inmate, evoked strange longings.

In the morning, however, Jerry could laugh at the whole episode. A girl's face at a window—surely he had seen plenty such. And if not quite so wonderful as this one well, the Cuban's remarks had been well meant and were worth remembering. So he idled away an hour or two in the Calle Obispo, with its gay shop windows and bright awnings stretched the width of the narrow little street. Then he went to the bank for letters and had luncheon at the Englaterra, where he looked in vain for a familiar face. He did not mean to go near that street, her street, again, he assured himself. And yet somehow at 5 o'clock drew near he found his feet taking him in that direction. He scolded himself, turned and began to walk away. But it seemed foolish to avoid a street just because a pretty girl lived there, and it was the shortest way home. He was sure that it was the shortest way home. The next moment he was pacing rapidly along it.

As he drew near the house where he had seen her, however, his step began to slacken. Would she—could she be there? He looked, hardly daring to hope. All at once his heart thumped madly. She was there, and she was looking straight at him. He could have sworn that she recognized him. Yet how was that possible? And then slightly, almost imperceptibly, but to Benedict quite unmistakably, she bent her head.

Tom was still away. There was nothing to do. Jerry fell into the way of passing through that street once or twice a day. The girl was usually in her window. He would bow gravely. She would respond with the faintest smile. And one never to be forgotten afternoon there fell at his feet a small scarlet flower.

The night Tom came home he watched his brother throughout dinner with puzzled, thoughtful eyes. He did not know much about the "kid," he reflected, nor how he took things.

"I saw Don Enrique Galdos today," he began abruptly. Then, as Jerry seemed unenlightened, he added, "He said that he had met you one night outside the Martinez." Jerry nodded.

"Oh, that chap! Yes; he did give me some talk about moving on, I believe."

"Which you apparently did not heed," commented Tom dryly. "And now it seems you have been compromising the girl and"—

"Compromising!" broke in Jerry, wildly astonished. "Why, I've never even met her. Wouldn't I like to, though?"

"If you really wish it I suspect I can arrange it," said Tom slowly. "Donna Carmela is undeniably lovely. But do you realize what meeting her means?"

"Why, that I met her, I suppose," retorted Jerry. But Tom shook his head.

"It means more than that," he said quietly. "The Martinez are old fashioned people. Their ideas are very strict. You may court through the window if you like, but once taken to the house an engagement is settled."

"Engagement!" gasped Jerry. "Engagement to a girl you never have even spoken to!"

"That is the custom," said Tom. "And it is that or leave Havana. In fact, if Don Enrique had not known that you were my brother you might have got yourself into serious trouble. Luckily we are great friends, but even as it is—don't choose hastily, dear boy," he added kindly. "Of course it may have been the merest flirtation on your part, and you couldn't be expected to understand."

"And the girl?" cried Jerry. "She thinks"—

"She naturally knows nothing of American ways," answered Tom gravely.

For a moment Jerry sat with whirling brain. Become engaged to a perfect stranger? That he was longing to meet her he knew; that he would probably be only too glad of the chance to marry her he thought most likely. Yet to plunge into it this way! And then he thought of the rose which had fallen at his feet and straightened himself.

"I should like to meet the Senorita Carmela," he said. "How soon may we go?"

The Wild Goose Bean.

To the lumbermen of Maine are due the discovery and production of the now famouse gopse bean. The real name of the man who planted the first crop of this vegetable is not known, but there are two rivals for the honor, and each has a most plausible version of his discovery of the bean. John Goddard, afterward colonel in the civil war, told this story of how the bean was first found and grown by him. He had charge of a gang of lumbermen during the spring of 1840. The soft, slushy snow made the roads impassable for a "tote team," and the men had been without fresh meat for more than a week. Colonel Goddard gave the cook orders to take his gun and go out to see if he could get a shot at the wild geese which were flying north in great flocks. The cook was lucky enough to bring back several birds for supper. When he was dressing them he noticed from the lack of food in their crops that they had been on short rations during their journey northward. In the crop of one young gander were three beans, which Goddard saved and planted in his garden that summer. From these three beans he harvested about two quarts of beans, and from that first crop came the supply which has since gladdened the hearts of lumbermen throughout the country.

Lighting the Yule Log.

A custom at one time prevalent in England and still observed in some of the northern districts of the old country is that of placing an immense log of wood, sometimes the root of a great tree, in the wide chimney place. This log is often called the Yule log, and it was on Christmas eve that it was put on the wide hearth. Around it would gather the entire family, and their entrance was the occasion of a great deal of ceremony. There was music and rejoicing, while the one authorized to light it was obliged to have clean hands. It was always lighted with a brand left over from the log of the previous year, which had been carefully preserved for that purpose. A poet sings of it in this way:

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

The Yule log was supposed to be a protection against evil spirits, and it was considered a bad omen if the fire went out before the evening was over. The family and guests used to seat themselves in front of the brightly burning fire, and many a story and merry jest went round the happy group.

When a Man Is Weakest.

According to experiments with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again toward evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. The chief foes of muscular force are overwork and idleness.

His Expectation.

"I suppose," said his friend, "that when the investigation takes place you will be represented by counsel."

"Yes," said the statesman, "and I suppose I'll be misrepresented by the opposing counsel."

A COLOSSAL GORGE.

The Sublime Beauties of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

This terrific gash is more than 200 miles long and more than a mile deep, and its area exceeds 2,000 square miles. From the El Tovar rim, on which I stand, to the gleaming, snow veiled crags on the opposite side of this stupendous cleft the distance is thirteen miles. Human vision cannot take in the full extent of this wide pageant of terror and glory nor is it within the capacity of words to set forth its overwhelming splendor. The plain on which I stand is nearly 8,000 feet above sea level, and here, in a prodigious fissure—gaunt, abrupt, frightful and wonderful—are assembled mountains, valleys, enormous rocks, precipitous crags, ravines of mystery and forests of gloom, through which the black waters of the Colorado rush onward in their resistless flow and over which the dauntless eagle wings its upward flight to meet the sun. All the forms are here that imagination could construct, and all the colors are here that glow in sunset skies. Far down in the subterranean vista the forests show like green lawns. Not less than seven geologic periods in the physical history of the planet are displayed in the layers of tinted rock—black, green, gray, red, brown, blue, pink, orange and alabaster, with many other mingled hues—that constitute the walls of this colossal gorge; walls that seem continuous and unbroken, yet everywhere are rifted with lateral fissures, the beds of mountain streams that swell the flood of the great Colorado river. The American continent has nowhere else a spectacle to show commensurate with this in beauty, grandeur and awe.—William Winter in Pacific Monthly.

AQUATIC PLANTS

How They May Be Successfully Cultivated in Tubs.

The cultivation of aquatic plants in tubs makes it possible for any one to try his skill with them. Of course he need not expect to be able to grow the rarer sorts of nymphaea, but he can succeed with many beautiful varieties of water lily and other plants of that class. A half barrel is not very attractive in itself, but its lack of beauty may be concealed by the plants, or it may be sunk its depth in the earth. When it contains a fine specimen of some aquatic plant we will forget all about its lack of grace. When preparing for these plants put in rich black mud from the bed of streams or mire from swamps to the depth of a foot; then plant your roots in it and fill with water. Add enough water from time to time to make up for that which is lost by evaporation and give the tub a sunny place in the yard or garden. If you want to grow more plants than one tub will accommodate, it is a good plan to take four, five, six, or as many as you may decide on, and have them sunk in the ground close together, so that the general effect will be something like that which a large tank would give. A better plan, though a more expensive one to carry out, is to have a tank constructed of heavy planks. These should be securely bolted at the ends and the joints made tight by white lead in the grooves.

The Real Thing.

Express Clerk—Value of this package, please? Fair Damsel—$25.00. Express Clerk—Huh? Fair Damsel—You heard what I said. Those are love letters from old Bagsnecoyne, and I'm sending 'em to my lawyer.—Cleveland Leader.

Translating the Definition.

Johnny—Papa, what does precocious mean? Papa—It means—a—it is a term applied to children who know more than is usual at their age. Johnny—Oh, yes; it means a fresh kid.

An Ohio Lady Well Pleased.

A prominent lady of Geneva, Ohio, says Crocker's Rheumatic Cure is all right. Under date of Jan. 5, 1906, she says: This is to certify that I have had rheumatism more or less all my life, and have taken only one and a half 50c bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and have been very much benefitted by it.

MRS. ORA PATCH.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

Notice to Stone Masons.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of McKean County will let to the lowest responsible bidder the contract for the construction of the abutments for an Iron Bridge, to be erected over Bells Run Creek, in Ceres Township, at the place where the Oswayo Valley road crosses said Creek, on or about April 3rd, 1906, at the Commissioners' office in Smethport, Pa. All bids must be filed with the Commissioners on or before noon of said day, and must be accompanied with a bond in the sum of $2000.00, to be approved by the Commissioners, the right to reject any and all bids reserved.

Geo. Griffiths,
John A. Peterson,
John P. Devlin,
County Commissioners.

Attest, A. B. Walker, Clerk.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estates of both Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza H. Garrett, late of Norwich Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to either of said estates will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against either of said estates will present the same to

FRED W. BROWNELL, Administrator, etc.
Postoffice address Smethport, Pa.

SCIAL CUT PCES CONTINUED

E IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

people like our Clothing
the way we sell it.

business is run to satisfy the ple who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at ces within their means and disbing treatment that made the ividual feel at home here.

want you to see special values thers offer as well as ours.

stigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

LENT

ase examine the following list see if there are not some goods on it that you would like for Lenten season.

Mixed Boneless Codfish,
Lder Sardines,
Shimp Clams,
almon,
Kiered Herring,
Boneless Herring

have a nice variety of canned sour including Burnham's Clam Chder. If entrusted with your orde I promise you the best possible service.

J. OLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Note Bank.

Geacquainted with SMITH'S

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

are you are strangers we will send you the magazine three months fe that you may get acquainted.

SMITH'S is the biggest illustrated magazine in the world—170 ges of reading matter and pictu the same size page as the big standard magazines like *Harper's* a *Century*.

SMITH'S is made up of the bt of everything—best stories that can be obtained, best illustrations that clever artists can draw, a the best special articles, written by writers who know their subject thoughly and write as entertainingly as they are instructive.

SMITH'S also prints every month a ee or more pretty portraits, in colors, of beautiful women. Taken all in all, there is no better magazine than SMITH'S—where, none nearly as good, no matter what the cost.

Write to-day. A postal will do.

Address Dept. F, Smith's Magazine, 85 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Main Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporation.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HERB. HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY M'COY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HERB. HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES.

Financial Statement.

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR 1905.

James Bray, Collector, in account with Keating Township road for 1904.

	Dr.		
To bal. due Keating Township bond		$ 191 80	
To bal. due Keating Township special		191 90	$383 70
	Cr.		
By exonerations on bond 1904		52 59	
By exonerations on special		62 57	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog bond		74 84	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog special		74 85	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown bond		50 00	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown special		50 00	
By commission on $245 60 at 5%		12 48	
By amt. paid Treasurer Gallup to bal.		16 66	
By commission on $17.54 at 5%		88	383 70

A. G. Farley, Collector, in account with Keating Township road for 1905.

	Dr.		
To amount of duplicate 1905 bond		1562 07	
To amt. of duplicate special		1572 97	$3145 04
	Cr.		
By exonerations on bond 1905		20 50	
By exonerations on special		20 50	
By returned to Co. Commissioners bond		28 09	
By returned to Co. Commissioners special		28 68	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog bond		579 58	
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog special		579 58	
By amount paid Supervisor Brown special		579 58	
By collector's commission on $2,388 32 at 5%		118 42	
To bal. due Keating Township		591 00	$3145 04

Michael Herzog, Supervisor, in account with Keating Township for 1905.

	Dr.		
To amt. of road duplicate for 1.07		157 86	
To amount of taxes returned from 1904		120 05	
To amount received from Co. Treasurer road fund		401 15	
To bal. due Keating Township last settlement		50 31	
To due Supervisor Herzog to balance		140 07	2869 34
	Cr.		
By exonerations on duplicate 1905		28 70	
By returned to new supervisors		60 58	
By taxes worked on roads		1281 46	
By paid freight & materials		230 82	
By commission on $1245 28 at 2%		30 91	
By 221 days as supervisor at $1.50		331 50	
By amt paid on road		253 01	
By amount over paid (on special		41 41	2869 34

	Dr.		
To amount rec'd. from Coll. Bray bond		774 34	
To amount rec'd. from Coll. Farley "		579 58	
To amount rec'd. from Co. Treasurer		202 20	856 21
	Cr.		
By paid on bonds		691 87	
By paid interest on bonds		137 00	
By commission on $831.87 at 2%		16 64	
By amount due to balance		7 70	856 21

	Dr.		
To amount received from Coll. Bray special		74 35	
To amount received from Coll. Farley special		579 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer special		202 20	
To amount overpaid on settlement		41 41	897 53
	Cr.		
By amount paid on judgments		880 01	
By commission on $880.01 at 2%		17 52	897 53

Chas. Brown, Supervisor, in account with Keating Township, 1905.

	Dr.		
To amount of road duplicate for 1905		1574 55	
To amount of taxes returned from 1904		355 32	
To amount received from County Treasurer road fund		436 29	
To due Supervisor Brown to balance		111 80	2457 96
	Cr.		
By exonerations on duplicate 1905		173 40	
By returned to new supervisors		393 60	
By returned to County Commissioners		18 00	
By taxes worked on roads		880 01	
By amount paid on roads		508 57	
By paid freight and materials		181 59	
By paid Auditors, Town Clerk and hall rent		57 25	
By commission on $57.25 at 2%		1 15	
By commission on $681.70 at 2%		12 09	
By 211 days as Supervisor at $1.50 per day		331 50	2457 96

	Dr.		
To amount received from Coll. Bray bond		131 34	
To amount received from Coll. Farley bond		579 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer bond		218 80	929 72
	Cr.		
By paid on bonds		700 00	
By paid interest on bonds		122 37	
By commission on $822.50 at 2%		16 50	
Due Keating Township to balance		86 70	929 72

	Dr.		
To amount received from Coll. Bray special		184 34	
To amount received from Coll. Farley special		570 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer special		218 43	992 70
	Cr.		
By amount paid on judgments		857 20	
By commission on $857.20 at 2%		17 14	
Due special to balance		58 56	992 70

RESOURCES.

By balance due from Collector Farley	394 08	
By assessed tax uncollected on County Treasurer duplicate	338 86	
By Township indebtedness to balance	4728 87	5033 26

LIABILITIES.

To amount of outstanding old bills	602 57	
To amount of new bills rendered	31 97	
To amount of outstanding bonds	3000 00	
To amount of outstanding judgments	2023 72	5658 26

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of James Bray and A. G. Farley, Collectors, and Michael Herzog and Charles Brown, Supervisors, of Keating Township, find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 17th day of March, A. D. 1906.

F. L. BROCKHAM [SEAL]
A. B. WASHBURN, [SEAL]
S. D. CRAWFORD, [SEAL]

Attest: ELMER ROEDER, Town Clerk.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos;

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Professional.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Culver & Bolton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

D. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widows and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 24 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. E. Mayo,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

C. F. Hemmingway,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D. C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence in Brown Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES MCGURGIE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been refurnished and refurnished. The table at all times constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Bar stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTELL, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout, the COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BANK HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENN'A.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

J. ODESSER

Highest Prices Paid.
For
IRON, COPPER,
OLD RAGS,
OLD RUBBER
BRASS, METAL
JUNK of all kinds.

Have moved into the Stickles' Building, two doors east of my old stand. I have no partner but carry a full and complete line of

CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
TINWARE, Etc.

Will be pleased to see all my old and many new customers.

J. ODESSER
EAST SMETHPORT PA.